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Standard

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They're Back!

The Democrats storm the White House

SPECIAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION ISSUE

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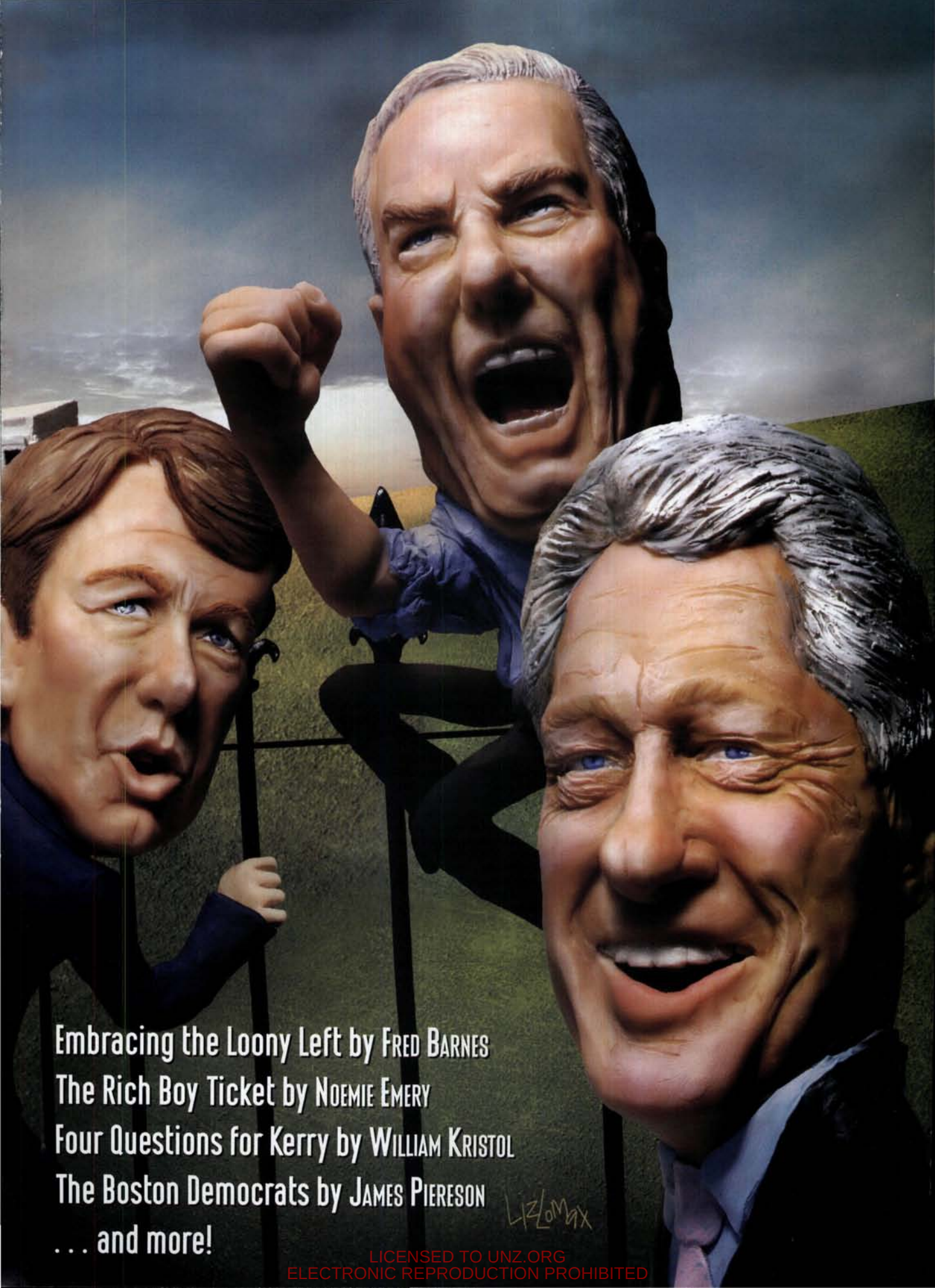

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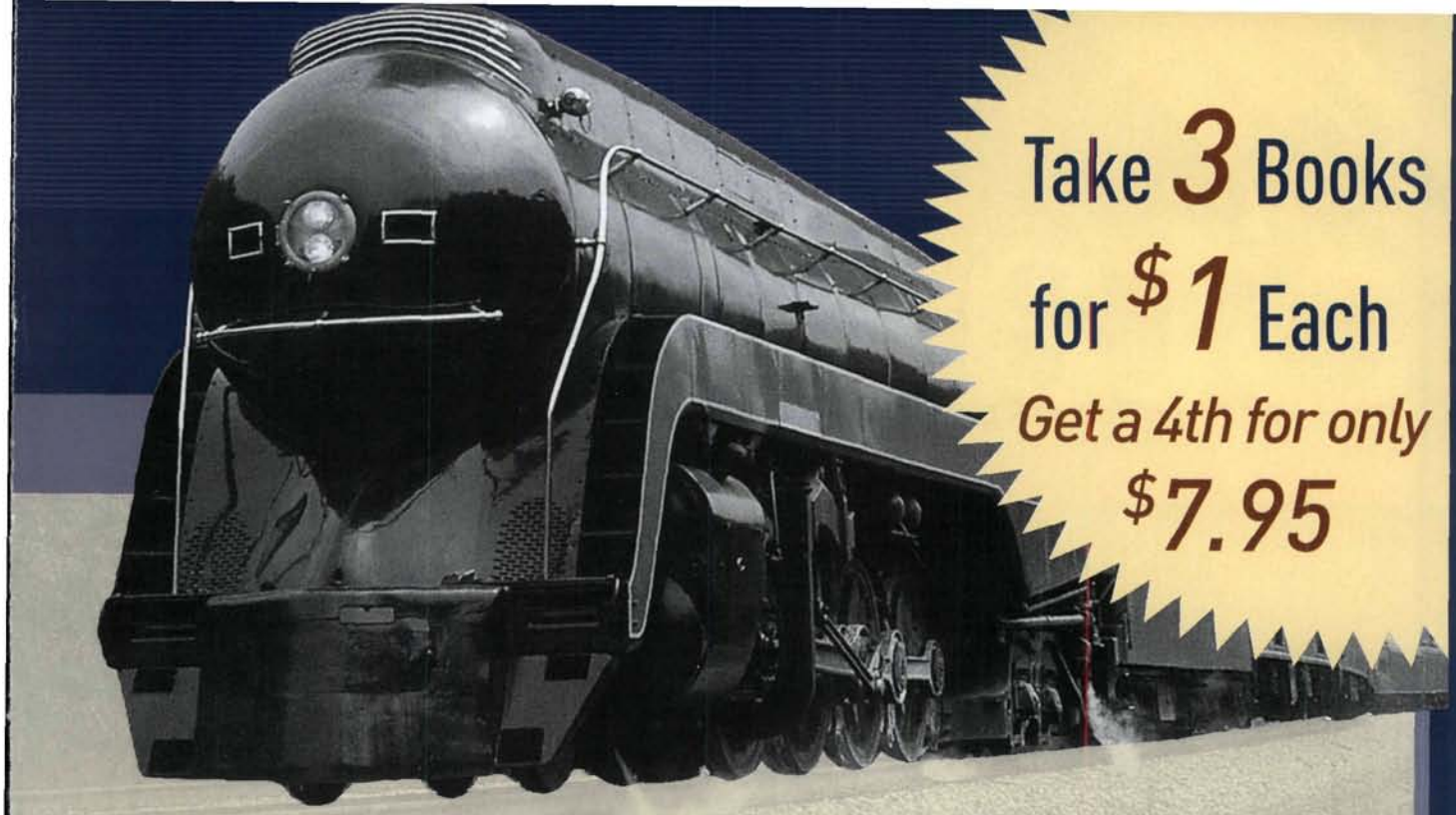

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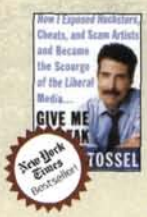

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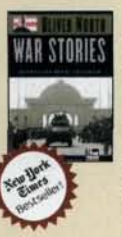

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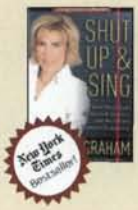

Shut Up & Sing—In this refreshing and insightful look at the elites, Laura Ingraham unmasks the shallowness of elite thinking and reveals that it is they, not us, who are the stupid ones - and that loudmouth liberals like Barbra Streisand would do better to just "shut up and sing."

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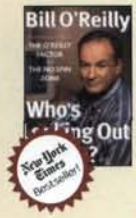

Who's Looking Out For You?—Host of Fox's wildly popular *O'Reilly Factor*, Bill O'Reilly presents an inspiring defense of the traditional family and scathing critiques of today's materialistic consumer culture, the perils of big government, the damage that the media establishment is doing to our nation's children, and much more.

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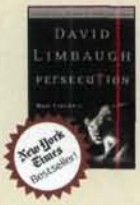

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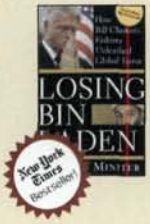

Losing Bin Laden—Investigative reporter, Richard Miniter, gives a riveting account of a terror war that bin Laden openly declared, but that Clinton left largely unfought. *Losing Bin Laden* takes you inside the White House, and within some of the deadliest terrorist cells that America has ever faced. If Clinton had fought back, the attacks on September 11, 2001, might never have happened.

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Don't Bogart that Ballot Petition, Dude

THE SCRAPBOOK notes that a couple weeks back its friends at *National Review* gave cover-story treatment to a piece by Ethan Nadelmann entitled "An End to Marijuana Prohibition," which piece reported that political prospects for such an end are brighter than ever. THE SCRAPBOOK further notes, however, a brief news item subsequently posted on its own website by an outfit called the Drug Policy Alliance (Ethan Nadelmann, executive director), which news item would seem somewhat less than fully consistent with Mr. Nadelmann's cheerful forecast of a free-pot future.

In Nevada, for example, backers of a ballot initiative to decriminalize possession of marijuana in small quantities have "pulled the plug" on their campaign, "citing financial trouble and organizational difficulties." Basically, according to Nadelmann and his colleagues, the good guys got screwed: "Nevada's secretary of state would not certify an initiative to decriminalize small amounts of marijuana for personal use, saying the petitions were 15,000 signatures short of being eligible. About 20,000 signatures were rejected because they weren't properly signed—a requirement now being challenged by the American Civil Liberties Union."

Yeah, well. Maybe Ethan Nadelmann stuck the rest of the story down his pants, took it home, and then inadvertently threw it away? Or—THE SCRAPBOOK rather prefers this theory—maybe everybody over at the Drug Policy Alliance was, like, so *tooooootally* bummed out by developments in Nevada that they simply spaced out and, you know, *forgot* how things had actually come to pass? Because that, it turns out, *is* how things actually came to pass in Nevada, as the following priceless dispatch from the June 24 *Las Vegas Review-Journal* makes clear:

> LEGALIZATION OF MARIJUANA: ERROR PUTS INITIATIVE IN JEOPARDY; ORGANIZERS FORGOT TO TURN IN BOX CONTAINING 6,000 SIGNATURES
>
> *by Erin Neff*
>
> An initiative seeking to legalize possession of up to one ounce of marijuana in Nevada could go up in smoke. Petition organizers last week announced that they had submitted sufficient signatures to qualify the petition for the November ballot.
>
> However, Billy Rogers, president of the political consulting firm seeking to qualify the petition, subsequently discovered a box of about 6,000 signatures that no one remembered to turn in.
>
> Clark County Registrar Larry Lomax said Rogers contacted him by phone Saturday asking whether he could turn in the box, which contains signatures that were notarized before the June 15 deadline to submit initiative petitions.
>
> "He was pleading with me that they forgot to turn it in," Lomax said. "Unfortunately, the state law says they have to turn it all in by June 15."

Just to be fair, we should point out that back in 2002, its organizers did not forget to turn in their petitions, and a marijuana liberalization initiative did appear on the Nevada ballot.

But nobody remembered to vote for it, and the darn thing got crushed, 61 percent to 39 percent. ♦

Milbank Now Beyond Parody, Experts Say

It's gotten to the point where even his own editors at the *Washington Post* have started poking sly, insider fun at reporter Dana Milbank's implacably hostile coverage of President Bush. That, at least, is the conclusion we very much want to draw from the preposterously April Fool's-like headline those editors stuck on Milbank's July 21 "story" from Cedar Rapids, Ia., "Bush Attack on Foe Not Relentless." The other possibility—that the *Post*'s headline writers could ever sincerely believe that something like this was appropriate—is really too horrible to contemplate, after all. ♦

Bush Attack On Foe Not Relentless

Sometimes Campaign Accentuates the Positive

By DANA MILBANK
Washington Post Staff Writer

Just Like Nelson Mandela, But Naked

Barbara Walters interviews the just-sentenced Martha Stewart on ABC's *World News Tonight*, July 16:

WALTERS: You know, when we did an interview last March, you said that you were afraid of jail. Now you have said you are not afraid.

STEWART: Well, I've thought about it a lot, Barbara. If it is looming ahead of me, I'm going to have to face it and take it and do it and get it over with. And there are many other people that have gone to prison. Look at Nelson Mandela—27 years in prison. . . .

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WALTERS: Have you ever visited a prison?

STEWART: No. No, I haven't.

WALTERS: Do you have any idea what it's like?

STEWART: I see them in movies.

WALTERS: Do you have any idea what it's like?

STEWART: No. Not really.

WALTERS: Strip searches?

STEWART: Oh, I don't think in a minimum security prison there's gonna be strip searches.

WALTERS: Oh, yes, Martha.

STEWART: Well, maybe I'm uninformed.

WALTERS: Maybe you should do a little research on what it's like in prison. ♦

A Chicken in Every Email Inbox

As a way of lifting spirits and spreading our customary good cheer, THE WEEKLY STANDARD was happy to mark Tax Day this year by drawing attention to *www.govbenefits.gov*, a website got up by your Department of Labor ("The Net Nanny State," by Andrew Ferguson, April 26, 2004). Lucky visitors to *govbenefits.gov* can fill out a brief questionnaire, click the submit button, and with the lightning speed of cyberspace learn precisely what federal and state government benefits they qualify for. If ever there was a mechanism designed to swell the Nanny State and corral free citizens into becoming its dependent clients, *govbenefits.gov* is it. Naturally, it was conceived by the Bush administration.

But that was just the beginning. Now Labor Secretary Elaine Chao is actively soliciting traffic to the site by peppering "youth organization leaders" with direct mail, encouraging them to have their young charges taste the delights of government benefits. One such youth leader forwarded her solicitation to THE SCRAPBOOK.

"Dear Friend," Chao wrote our acquaintance. "I ask that you help us spread the word about this valuable service." Specifically, "We encourage you to promote *govbenefits.gov* valuable resources to your community" by distributing literature, placing a link on websites, and writing articles about its wonders. After all, Chao went on, the second anniversary of the site "was commemorated with the launching of *GovBenefits en Español* as well as a new loans-oriented section of the site." *¡Muchas gracias, Señora Secretary!*

To drive the point home, Chao also included a *govbenefits.gov* flier for youth leaders to pass around. "Who May Be Eligible for Government Benefits?" asks the cover, in (of course) blazing red, white, and blue. "You! Someone you know!" That may be an exaggeration, in our opinion, but not for long. After four more years of compassionate conservatism, pretty much every American will be ready to slurp up *govbenefits*, bilingually.

The key thing is, as Secretary Chao well knows, you got to grab 'em early. ♦

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Casual

The Boston Diaspora

The Red Sox were playing the Angels in Anaheim last Sunday. I tuned in on the Internet with Boston one run down in the sixth, just moments before future Massachusetts governor David Ortiz drilled a three-run homer to right. A hollow silence usually descends over the ballpark at such a reversal, while the announcer mumbles, "Well, Joe, that Ortiz blast sure took the wind out of this Anaheim crowd's sails." But nothing of the sort happened. Instead, the crowd erupted in howling, clapping, stomping delirium. You could hear the beery drone of sung tributes. There were 40,000 people in the stands, and the audio evidence was that two-thirds of them were rooting for Boston.

How could this be? This was not a pennant race, when infiltration by visiting-team fans is common. Nor was the game being played in New York, through which a significant number of Bostonians can be expected to pass. No, this was Orange County, a distant place of pretty much *moored* people. One can only assume that the ballpark was filled with New England-born residents of Yorba Linda and Huntington Beach and Garden Grove. I imagine these Sox-supporting exiles as exactly like other Southern Californians—clinging to their native dialects and eating their native scrod equivalents—with the slight difference that no California politician will ever get elected by warning that Bostonians are swamping the school system.

In sports terms at least, Bostonians around the country constitute a diaspora more than an immigration. I, for one, am more likely to take up clog dancing than I am to begin rooting for the Orioles over the Red Sox. Wayne Gretzky versus Bobby Orr? I can only second a friend's judgment that Gretzky is not fit to hold the *plate* on which the jockstrap of the Great One rests. Such judgments are matters not just of prejudice but of objective evidence, and they apply to more than sports. Anyone who thinks Krispy Kreme doughnuts hold a candle to Dunkin' Donuts, for example, is a barbarian. We are, it must be said, a proud people.

If Bay Staters are turning into the unmeltable ethnics of the new millennium, it is only because we are replicating elsewhere the model of assimilation that has been practiced in Boston for the past century. This model of assimilation is called *non*-assimilation. I remember my high-school soccer coach, Mr. Cunha, who, after thirty

Getty Images

years in the country, had mastered only two phrases: "Hello" and "Put you' foot to it." Jeesh! . . . a soccer coach who had last laid eyes on Portugal in 1946 and had yet to learn the verb *kick*! I also remember my first boss, Leo Tramonte, born in this country but who read the Italian papers all day and spent every vacation in Italy. Pronouncing his homeland *Ih'ly*, with a glottal stop instead of a T, was the only concession he would make to native habits. To tour the abandoned manors of the routed Massachusetts Brahmins and to see the trappings of abject Anglophilia—the English plantings, the *Punch* subscriptions, the Landseer stag prints—is to realize that nostalgia for origins was a vice even of those who repudiated it in others.

So until the mid-1970s, when a Bostonian asked, "What *are* you?" the proper answer was "Polish" or "French" or something similar. In no case was it to exceed four syllables. The reply "I'm an American!" would have been met with rolled eyes as the utterance of a wise-ass. To reply, "Well, let's see, I'm a quarter . . ." meant you were probably from another part of the country. Intermarriage was something certain Irish and Italians did together; your parents could explain it to you when you turned 14.

This ethnic close-knitness exists no longer, but its ghost looms over the Democratic convention this week. For it was national Democrats who heedlessly wiped it out during the tragedy of busing in the 1970s. The decidedly unintegrated Irish and Italians of South Boston and Charlestown were chosen—by the liberal civil-rights heroes of the all-white suburbs—to bear the brunt of integrating Boston's schools. When the locals objected to the scheme as highhanded, they were condemned as some undifferentiated rabble of American white racist yobs. This was not how the locals, who up to that point had been unanimously Democratic, viewed themselves. They expressed their disagreement by abandoning their party in such numbers that Ronald Reagan won Massachusetts twice.

Presumably many of these voters were among the crowd roaring for David Ortiz in Anaheim. But who knows? Who are the Massachusetts diaspora? Are they proselytizers or political refugees? Will they show up at your door in Michigan and Oregon, begging in their cute little pahk-the-cah accents that you vote for their countryman Kerry? Or will they pull the lever for Bush in Anaheim and Houston and Raleigh-Durham, grateful to have fled the old country's superstitions and wound up in the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On their votes may hinge the election, which will take place just days after the Sox win the World Series.

Christopher Caldwell

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Antidemocratic?

In "John Kerry, Reactionary" (July 19), Tom Donnelly and Vance Serchuk write: "Richard Kerry spent much of his professional life as a foreign service officer, and seems to have imbibed the antidemocratic habits of that trade."

Where do Donnelly and Serchuk get the idea that the foreign service trade is inherently "antidemocratic"? Are the foreign service officers currently implementing President Bush's policies in Kabul and Baghdad antidemocratic? What about the foreign service officers who fought for the release of political prisoners behind the Iron Curtain during the twilight days of the Cold War? (Indeed, many officers who told the truth about Stalin's tyranny during the 1930s did so at great professional risk.)

In 1979-81, American foreign service officers were among those held hostage for 444 days in Iran. During the following two decades, foreign service workers were murdered by Islamic terrorists in, among other places, Beirut, Kenya, and Tanzania. Were all these officials antidemocratic?

Thousands of working-level foreign service officers are promoting and implementing America's agenda every day on every continent around the world. They often perform their duties under incredibly trying circumstances. Sometimes they even pay the ultimate price, and their names are carved into a wall at the State Department that no one but their families, colleagues, and C-SPAN ever visit.

For Donnelly and Serchuk to so casually and thoughtlessly smear these patriotic Americans as "antidemocratic" is beneath contempt.

Kerem Bilge
Alexandria, VA

Spies Like Us

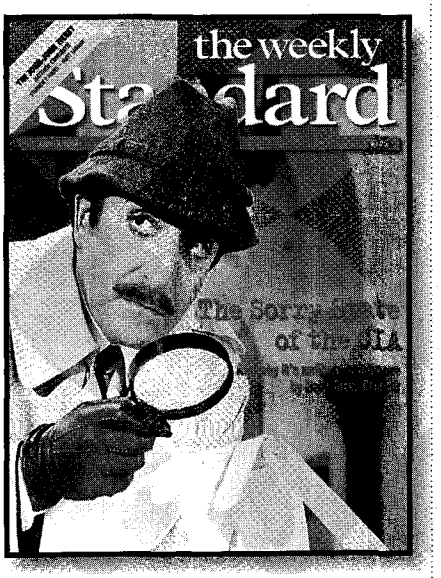
Reuel Marc Gerecht's diagnosis of the CIA's institutional ailments ("The Sorry State of the CIA," July 19) is right on the mark. His article exhaustively details the causes of our recent intelligence failures, and also correctly posits the need for a change in the bureaucratic culture at Langley.

But I was disappointed that Gerecht didn't offer any specific policy prescriptions for reforming the agency. I would ask him: What, exactly, should the next CIA director do in the first 36 months of his tenure?

If Gerecht writes a follow-up piece answering that question, there is at least one reader eagerly looking forward to it.

Pedro N. Taborga
Great Falls, VA

Reuel Marc Gerecht's article on the CIA reminded me of a book I read some 30 years ago, called *The Game of the Foxes*. The author, Ladislas Farago, wrote about pre-World War II intelligence organizations in Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. He noted that prior to



the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the United States did not have a spy agency. Our belief regarding espionage, in the famous phrase attributed to Secretary of State Stimson, was that "gentlemen do not read other gentlemen's mail."

After the war, in order to counter the Soviet challenge, we established the CIA. But our instinctive aversion to spy agencies endured. Indeed, over the years we put up a communications barrier between the FBI and the CIA, to prevent the federal government from spying on Americans. In the aftermath of 9/11, the Patriot Act breached this barrier, although many prominent Democrats are now calling for that legislation to be scaled back, if not outright repealed.

Americans know that foreign espionage is often a necessary evil. But it is also an activity with which we would rather not be too closely connected. Spying will always carry with it the implicit connotation of dirty dealing and scheming. That we don't always spy as well as other countries is testament, in large part, to our undying belief in individual liberty, justice, and truth.

Robert L. Wichterman
Lancaster, PA

Why Bush is Losing

The article by Jeffrey Bell and Frank Cannon, "Why Bush is Losing" (July 19), made several excellent points. What Bell and Cannon should have added, however, is that Bush is running a terribly unimaginative campaign. The president has missed opportunity after opportunity to make points that would help his candidacy.

Three issues in particular stand out. Bush has failed to fight for school vouchers, which are overwhelmingly supported by inner-city parents. (This would have given him a better chance of siphoning off some African-American votes from Kerry.) He has yet to truly use the bully pulpit to fight for any of his judicial nominees. And, to date, he has not vetoed any of the pork-filled appropriations bills that have crossed his desk.

Bush may be genuinely trying to "change the tone" in Washington, but by doing so he's needlessly hurting his chances for reelection.

John A. DeGroat
Landenberg, PA

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the weekly Standard

Four Questions for Kerry

How is John Kerry different from every other liberal Democrat from Massachusetts?

This is the question Sen. Kerry needs to answer this week at the Democratic convention in Boston. For, even though President Bush's poll numbers are less than he (and we at THE WEEKLY STANDARD) would like them to be, they're good enough that he won't be Carter in 1980 or Bush in 1992. Though beatable, he isn't an incumbent asking (so to speak) to be defeated. So John Kerry needs actually to win this election. He can't simply count on Bush's losing it.

Now, Kerry doesn't need to win by being personally compelling or dramatically effective. He does need to be an acceptable, responsible alternative to the president. Or, rather, he needs to be seen by a majority of American voters as an acceptable, responsible replacement for Bush as president. And he needs to make this case in a post-9/11, post-Iraq-war, post-same-sex-marriage-in-Massachusetts world.

Kerry is very well aware of this challenge. He has gone out of his way to move to the center since clinching the nomination. He doesn't sound like a Massachusetts liberal, like Ted Kennedy or Michael Dukakis. In fact, one would hardly know Kerry has been, in truth, a Massachusetts liberal for his entire political career. His task at the convention is to further obscure that fact. But can he do it? That depends on whether he can succeed in answering four obvious questions any sensible citizen, surveying his career, will ask.

1. If Kerry is president, will he be willing to use force?

John Kerry opposed President Reagan's policy of providing military aid to the anti-Communist resistance in Central America. He opposed the first Gulf War. He voted against the $87 billion necessary to continue prosecuting the current war in Iraq (one of only 12 senators to do so). Is he really capable of being commander in chief in the world we find ourselves living in since 9/11?

2. If Kerry had been president the past four years, would Saddam still be in power?

In October 2002, Kerry voted to authorize the use of military force to remove Saddam. But now he suggests that President Bush "misled the nation into fighting" this war. Given what we now know, does Kerry believe going to war to remove Saddam was the right decision? Does he believe, as he seems to have indicated, that the war on terror is "really" about fighting al Qaeda, or does the war on terror include dealing with dictators with terror ties and weapons of mass destruction programs? Is Kerry willing to hold open, therefore, the possibility of the use of force to prevent the current Iranian regime from acquiring nuclear weapons?

3. If Kerry were president, would we pull out of Iraq?

Kerry says he would not cut and run in Iraq. But the single most famous statement of his political career remains his dramatic cry as a leader of the anti-Vietnam War movement in 1971: "How do you ask a man to be the last man to die for a mistake?" How will President Kerry ask young Americans to continue dying in a war he has denounced as one President Bush "wanted" to fight rather than one the United States needed to fight?

4. If Kerry were president, would marriage be redefined?

Kerry opposes a constitutional amendment affirming in our basic law that marriage joins a man and a woman. Furthermore, he was one of only 14 Senate Democrats to oppose the Defense of Marriage Act (DOMA), signed by President Clinton in 1996, which sought legislatively to confine court decisions authorizing same-sex marriage in one state (such as Massachusetts) to that state. Wouldn't Kerry's judicial appointees tend to agree with the argument he made in 1996 that DOMA is unconstitutional? Doesn't a Kerry presidency guarantee that the courts will succeed in changing the meaning of marriage throughout the United States?

We look forward to Sen. Kerry's acceptance speech on Thursday evening, as he seeks to answer these questions.

—*William Kristol*

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The Democrats and the Loony Left

Working together to defeat George W. Bush.

BY FRED BARNES

THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION is curtailing democracy in America. President Bush himself, in case you hadn't noticed, is like Hitler. By the way, he knew about 9/11 beforehand. On top of that, he let Osama bin Laden's relatives sneak out of America shortly after the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. The war in Iraq? It's a war for oil. And while we're on the subject of the war, Vice President Cheney intervened to assure contracts in postwar Iraq for Halliburton, the company he once headed.

These flights of paranoia, far-out analogies, conspiracy theories, and wild charges devoid of evidence are the stock in trade of the Loony Left. Normally such ideas are ridiculed or ignored by those in the political mainstream. But these days the fantasies of the Loony Left are increasingly embraced and nearly always tolerated by the Democratic party and its auxiliary groups. The result? The Loony Left now has a toehold on the Democratic party.

A toehold, but not a foothold. The work product of the Loonies is only beginning to become mainstream among Democrats. You won't find many of the wild ideas in the party platform, nor are they routinely voiced by party leaders. But they have been treated with tolerance, rather than active disapproval, by most Democrats. So far at least, this phenomenon has cost Democrats nothing politically. Certainly they haven't been tarred in the way Republicans were in the 1990s when a few of them flirted with lunatic notions about President Clinton. Ultimately, however, identifying with the far-fetched and the eccentric is bound to harm Democrats.

The classic tactic of the Loony Left is to liken a target to Hitler. So it's not surprising that placards with Bush's face made to look like Hitler's are now commonplace at left-wing demonstrations. But who would have thought former vice president Al Gore would link, none-too-subtly, the president to Hitler? In a speech at Georgetown University in June, Gore said this: "The [Bush] administration works closely with a network of rapid responders, a group of digital brownshirts who work to pressure reporters and their editors and publishers and advertisers, and are quick to accuse them of undermining support for our troops." The brownshirts, as most people know, were Nazis working for Hitler. If any Democrats chastised Gore for this slur, I missed it.

Gore is not alone. Billionaire George Soros, a lavish Democratic donor who was recently introduced at a political event by Senator Hillary Clinton, said late last year, "When I hear Bush say, 'You're either with us or against us,' it reminds me of the Germans." He wasn't referring to the Germans today. And there was Judge Guido Calabresi of the Second U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. He told a lawyers' group in June that Bush came to power through "illegitimate acts of a legitimate institution," the U.S. Supreme Court. "The king of Italy had the right to put Mussolini in, though he had not won an election, and make him prime minister. That is what happened when Hindenburg put Hitler in." Calabresi said he wasn't "suggesting for a moment that Bush is Hitler," and he later apologized for his remarks altogether. Nonetheless, he had publicly analogized Bush's situation to Hitler's.

Michael Moore, whose anti-Bush movie *Fahrenheit 9/11* has made him a favorite of Democrats, has explicitly argued Bush is moving the nation toward a Hitler-like dictatorship. "The Patriot Act is as un-American as *Mein Kampf*," he wrote in his book *Dude, Where's My Country?* Later on CNN, he said, "The Patriot Act is the first step. . . . If people don't speak up against this, you end up with something like they had in Germany." Moore was also a judge in a contest by MoveOn.org, a group closely allied with the Democratic party, to choose the best anti-Bush TV ad. Two entries, posted for a time on the MoveOn website, likened Bush to Hitler. However, MoveOn founder Wes Boyd said his organization doesn't share that sentiment.

Democrats in Washington turned out in droves for a special screening of *Fahrenheit 9/11* in June. "There might be half of the Democratic Senate here," said Florida senator Bob Graham. His Florida colleague, Senator Bill Nelson, gave the film a thumbs-up as he left the theater. The film pushes numerous conspiracy theories about the president and his administration, and Democratic national chairman Terry McAuliffe latched onto one of them after viewing the movie. It involved Unocal's bid to build a natural gas pipeline in Afghanistan, which Moore suggests was the reason behind the American attack on that country. Asked by Byron York of *National Review* if he bought that theory, McAuliffe said he did. The Unocal deal, which the Clinton administration backed, collapsed in 1998, three years before the invasion of Afghanistan.

That is but one of the Bush conspiracies cited by Democrats. Another conspiracy—that Bush knew the 9/11 attacks were coming—was broached briefly, then dropped. In 2002, then-Rep. Cynthia McKinney of Georgia embraced it in an interview: "Who else knew, and why did they not warn the innocent people of New York who were needlessly mur-

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dered?" McKinney was defeated for reelection in 2002, but won the Democratic nomination to regain her seat last week. Former Vermont governor Howard Dean, while still frontrunner for the Democratic presidential nomination last December, mentioned on the radio what he called "the most interesting theory . . . that [Bush] was warned ahead of time by the Saudis." Dean later said he rejected the theory. So have most Democrats.

More popular among Democrats was the now-debunked theory that the Bush administration gave special treatment to Saudi citizens, including members of bin Laden's family, to fly home from the United States after 9/11 without being investigated and while private planes were grounded. "Why would that have happened?" asked Representative Ted Strickland of Ohio in April. "It is almost beyond belief." The answer came this year from Richard Clarke, the former terrorism adviser at the Clinton and Bush White Houses. He approved the departures after the FBI had interviewed the Saudis to make sure no terrorism suspects were on board.

Still another alleged conspiracy was cited by Democratic representative Jim McDermott of Washington last December. He insisted the capture of Saddam Hussein was timed to help Bush. "There's too much happenstance for it to be just a coincidental thing," he told Seattle radio interviewer Dave Ross. "I don't know that it was definitely planned on this weekend," McDermott said, "but I know they've been in contact with people all along who knew basically where he was. It was just a matter of time before they found him." Other Democrats failed to echo McDermott, but they didn't criticize him either. The congressman later backtracked.

Then there's the Halliburton conspiracy, supposedly engineered by Cheney, the company's former boss. There's no evidence for it, but a number of Democrats have indicated Cheney may have steered a lucrative contract in postwar Iraq to Halliburton. Senator John Edwards, now the vice presidential running mate of Democratic presidential nominee John Kerry, condemned "sweetheart deals for Halliburton" last winter. But McAuliffe has made the most far-reaching charge. He said Bush won't pull out of Iraq because "they don't want to give up Halliburton and the $6 billion of no-bid contracts they've got on oil fields over there."

A related conspiracy theory holds that Bush went to war to seize Iraq's oil. Former senator Max Cleland, who's set to introduce Kerry for his acceptance speech at the Democratic convention this week, was quoted in January to this effect. Kerry, he said, "is the one guy who can call his hand on the hypocrisy of a bunch of people that never went to war, creating a war of choice, not even against the enemy who attacked us, but for oil." Kerry himself has a clever way of insinuating Iraqi oil might have been a factor in the war decision. "No young American in uniform should ever be held hostage to America's dependence on oil in the Middle East," he has repeatedly declared.

Finally, the most serious charge of all: Bush is rolling back democracy as we know it. True, this charge isn't unprecedented. Republicans made it against President Franklin Roosevelt. Now Democrats cite the use of the Patriot Act and the supposedly threatened voting rights of blacks. Democrats initially said the act was allowing federal agents to raid libraries legally, but it turned out no raids had taken place. So their complaint now is largely about what Bush might do under the act. On voting, Kerry told the NAACP on July 15 that one million blacks were "disenfranchised" in 2000. That would mean blacks who filled out their ballots improperly were disenfranchised, a dubious claim. Anyway, Democrats imply Republicans would like to see that happen again. And a group of congressional Democrats has called for United Nations observers on Election Day. Really. Maybe they'd read the claim in the *New Republic* that the Bush administration is "the least democratic in the modern history of the presidency." And foolishly believed it. ♦

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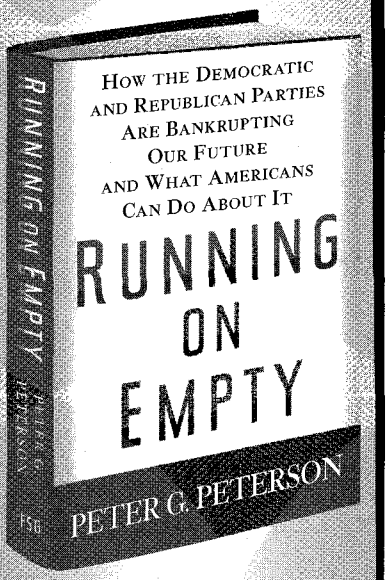

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The Boston Democrats

Why it took them 200 years to hold a Democratic convention there. BY JAMES PIERESON

WHEN THE DEMOCRATS meet in Boston this week, it will mark the first time that their 200-year-old party has held a national convention in that historic city. The Democrats, moreover, are breaking precedent in a big way in Boston—first, by staging a tribute to Edward Kennedy, the host state's senior senator, on Tuesday, then by nominating its junior senator, John Kerry, for the presidency on Thursday. With this embrace of Massachusetts-style liberalism, the Democrats conclude a transformation of their party that began nearly a century ago.

Back then, it would have been almost unthinkable for the Democrats to stage a national convention in the capital of Massachusetts, a state, from the formation of the Republic down to the New Deal, dominated by Federalists, Whigs, and Republicans. Shunning New England, the Democrats convened in places like Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and Charleston. For most of their history, Democrats considered Boston to be enemy territory, home to all manner of misguided ideas. And it is true that Boston, cradle of the American Revolution, has been a center of radical political innovation that has often repelled the more conservative sections of the country.

The Democratic party, after all, originated as a southern party devoted to states' rights and, indirectly, the preservation of slavery. Jefferson organized the party in the late 1790s in opposition to two prominent Federalists: Alexander Hamilton of New York and President John Adams of Massachusetts. The first three Democratic presidents—Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe—were Virginians, who looked to the South and mid-Atlantic regions for the bulk of their votes. New England was home to the hated, albeit disintegrating, Federalists.

The designation of founder of the modern Democratic party, however, probably deserves to go to Andrew Jackson, who set in motion a reorganization of the party after he was cheated out of the presidency in 1824 by Boston's own John Quincy Adams. "Cheated" is, admittedly, an exaggeration, since Adams won fair and square under the rules of the Electoral College. But Jackson won the popular vote by a substantial margin.

The collapse of the Federalists during Monroe's presidency left the Democrats the sole established political party—yet without control over what candidates claimed the party's name. The election of 1824 was thus fought out among four regional candidates—including Adams and Jackson—each of whom called himself a Democrat. This kind of factional politics opened the door for Adams to sneak into the presidency. Jackson's solution, once he was elected in 1828, was to redefine the Democrats as a popular party, and to establish the national convention as the mechanism for nominating its candidates for national office. His opponents, mostly former Federalists, had little choice but to organize a separate party, the Whigs, whose most prominent member was the great spokesman for union, Senator Daniel Webster of Massachusetts.

Jackson and the Democratic party were united in the belief that slavery should be kept out of national debate, for they understood that this was the one subject that could divide their party and split the nation.

Beginning in the early 1830s, Congress began to receive petitions from abolitionist groups—many of them based in Boston—calling for an end to slavery. In response, Congress in 1836 adopted the "gag rule," under which any bill, petition, or motion that raised the issue of slavery would be automatically tabled without discussion.

The man who challenged and ultimately defeated the gag rule was Jackson's old nemesis, John Quincy Adams, who had retreated to the House of Representatives after losing the presidency and had recast himself as an antislavery legislator. Adams, persistently and often without allies, challenged the gag rule on the floor of the House by submitting endless motions dealing with slavery. Gradually, as voter sentiment changed across the North, the Bostonian won allies in the House, until he was able to push through a motion in 1844 to eliminate the rule altogether. Adams's stand paved the way for slavery to be debated in Congress.

Southerners, mostly Democrats, took strong exception to the methods of the New England abolitionists. In the 1840s and 1850s, as slavery became the all-consuming issue, southerners began to speak in the harshest terms about their northern critics. In fact, when southern leaders used terms like "the damnable Yankee race," they were generally referring to prominent Bostonians like Adams; or William Lloyd Garrison, the editor of *The Liberator*, the abolitionist magazine; or Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist lawyer and orator; or John Greenleaf Whittier, the abolitionist poet; or, most of all, Charles Sumner, the abolitionist senator.

Sumner, a Harvard graduate, was a particular object of hatred to Democrats. Elected to the Senate in 1851 on an antislavery platform, Sumner, like other prominent Massachusetts

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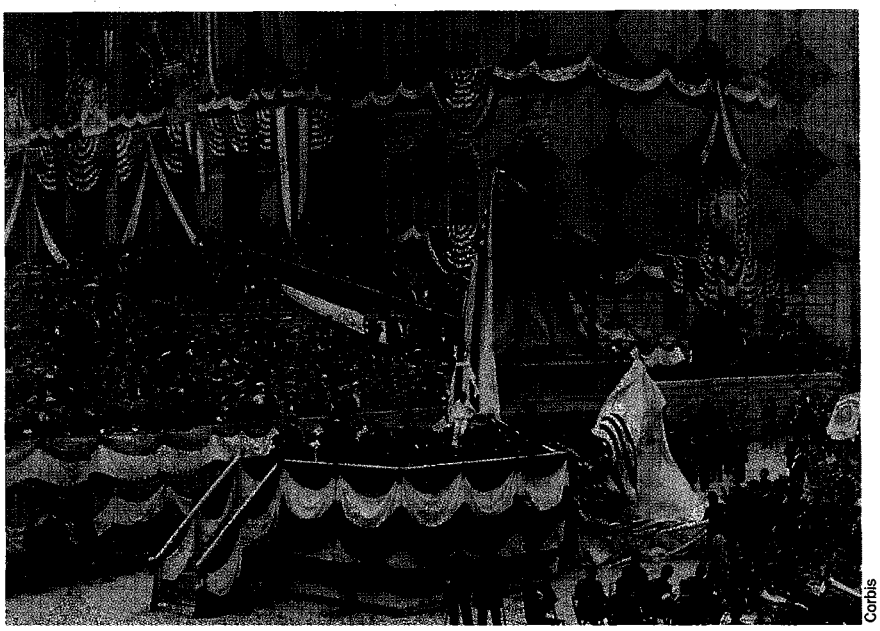
politicians, joined the Republican party in the mid-1850s when it was formed to provide a vehicle for anti-slavery forces across the North.

Sumner never hesitated to attack slavery or abuse its defenders. On one occasion, in May 1856, he took to the floor of the Senate to denounce the practices of the pro-slavery insurgents in the Kansas territory. In doing so, he singled out Sen. Andrew Butler of South Carolina, comparing him to Don Quixote, "whose mistress, though polluted in the sight of the world, is chaste in his sight. I mean the harlot, slavery!" This insult was regarded by southerners as a calumny against the character of an upstanding gentleman. A few days later, Butler's nephew, Rep. Preston Brooks, found Sumner working alone at his desk in the Senate chamber, and avenged his uncle by beating Sumner with a cane so severely that Sumner was disabled for three years. Both men, as a consequence, were treated as heroes in their respective states. The episode greatly intensified sectional animosities.

The Civil War merely cemented in place the conflicts symbolized by the clash between Sumner and Brooks. During the war, Massachusetts sent into battle many prominent sons and daughters, not least of them, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Clara Barton, and Robert Gould Shaw. Col. Shaw, the son of Boston abolitionists, led the famous Massachusetts 54th Regiment, which consisted of Negro soldiers he had recruited. When the "Fighting 54th" took the field of battle in South Carolina, Confederate troops were enraged at the sight of Negro soldiers. Shaw himself was killed, and many of his men slaughtered on July 18, 1863, in a desperate assault at Battery Wagner in South Carolina. Their sacrifice is commemorated in a magnificent bas relief by Augustus Saint-Gaudens on Boston Common.

Massachusetts, as a consequence of these conflicts, was among the most reliably Republican states from the Civil War down to the New Deal. Between 1856, when the Republican party contested its first presidential election, and 1928, when Al Smith was nominated by the Democrats, Massachusetts went for the Republican ticket in every election save 1912, when a split between Taft and Theodore Roosevelt threw the race to the Democrat, Woodrow Wilson. It is in keeping with our story line that President Wilson's main adversary was still another Bostonian, Republican senator Henry Cabot Lodge, whose very reasonable objections to the League of Nations covenant left Wilson sputtering with rage. When the president embarked on a tour of the country to rally support for the League, he suffered a stroke that incapacitated him for the rest of his term. The League went down to defeat in the Senate, with Lodge taking the lion's share of the credit (or blame).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When Massachusetts was a red state: unveiling a statue in Boston honoring Gen. Hooker

Beginning with the election of 1928, and continuing through the Roosevelt years, Massachusetts moved steadily away from Republicanism and into the Democratic column. The city of Boston had already moved in this direction, as immigrant Irish and Italians challenged the Protestant leadership class that had governed the state since the Revolution. After supporting Eisenhower twice in the 1950s, Massachusetts cemented its loyalty to the Democratic party with John F. Kennedy's presidency and the continuing influence of the Kennedy family—whose power and prestige in the state today rival those of the Adamses and Lodges in years gone by. Ted Kennedy, however, in his virulent rhetorical attacks against Republicans, resembles nothing so much as a modern day Charles Sumner.

Today Massachusetts is perhaps the most liberal state in the union, as safely Democratic as it was safely Republican between 1856 and the New Deal. But its liberalism is, to a great degree, one of its own creation, for the politics of culture and style that defines contemporary liberalism was an innovation of the Kennedys, crafted to appeal to an increasingly sophisticated electorate through the medium of television.

As Massachusetts has moved into the Democratic column, its natural rivals in the union have moved toward the Republicans. Indeed, the electoral maps of the 1896 (McKinley-Bryan) and 2000 (Bush-Gore) elections look almost exactly the same, except that the states have reversed their party loyalties. In 1896, the Republicans carried New England and the Midwest, plus California, while the Democrats took the South and the Mountain states; in the 2000 election, those results were reversed. The South is today a Republican stronghold, while New England leans heavily to the Democrats.

This exchange, however, seems not

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to have benefited northern politicians to any great degree. John F. Kennedy, in 1960, was the last northerner to be elected to the presidency, and since that time several others (Humphrey, McGovern, Mondale, and Dukakis) have been defeated, most by large margins. Since 1960, our elected presidents have come from just four states: Texas, California, Arkansas, and Georgia.

In the years leading up to the Civil War, the Democratic party adopted a strategy of nominating for the presidency northern politicians who were sympathetic to the southern position on slavery. The idea was to sweep the Democratic South, while retaining a sufficient number of northern or border states to win the election. It was a successful strategy, even though the candidates (Van Buren of New York, Cass of Michigan, Pierce of New Hampshire, Buchanan of Pennsylvania, and Douglas of Illinois) were derided in the North as "northern men with southern principles."

In recent decades, the Democrats have adopted something of an opposite strategy, nominating southern liberals who can hold the North while attracting enough electoral votes in the South to win a majority. These "southern men with northern principles"—Jimmy Carter, Bill Clinton, Al Gore, and now John Edwards—have proved to be more successful as candidates than northern Democrats. Yet the game has been played often enough by now that it has probably lost its capacity to fool many voters in the southern and border states.

So it is that the Kerry-Edwards ticket is unlikely to win a single state in the South in this year's election, thus conceding the 160 or so electoral votes in the region to George Bush. If history is any guide, the Democratic ticket, led by a Boston liberal, will have great difficulty crafting a majority coalition out of the remaining sections of the country. Still, stranger things have happened—as witness the metamorphosis of Boston from its roots as a Republican stronghold to its current role as eager host to a Democratic convention. ♦

The Anti-Obama

He no longer has an official opponent, but Justin Warfel is still on his case. BY MATTHEW CONTINETTI

On July 27, Barack Obama, the Democratic candidate for the U.S. Senate in Illinois, will deliver the keynote address at the Democratic National Convention in Boston. The keynote address is a coveted opportunity, a chance for silver-haired politicos to deliver their swan song to an adoring crowd, or for bright new talent to make its debut. Obama falls into the bright new talent category. If he is elected this November, he will become only the third black U.S. senator since Reconstruction ended in 1876. Millions of people will watch him on July 27. A young man named Justin Warfel won't be one of them.

"Maybe I'll read about it in the paper," Warfel said by phone the other day, as he walked outside his home in Springfield, Illinois. For a while he was seeing a lot of the 42-year-old Obama. Perhaps too much. For about two weeks in May, Warfel, his Panasonic digital video recorder in hand, followed Obama everywhere the candidate went, to campaign events in downstate Illinois, to speeches at the capitol in Springfield, to press gaggles outside campaign headquarters—day after day, sunrise to sunset.

Warfel was no stalker. He was a tracker: a campaign operative who engages in hands-on opposition research by recording all that an opponent says or does. Tracking is nothing new. Before video cameras, trackers—often young, ambitious party flacks—would follow candidates with tape recorders. Before that, the tools of choice were pad and pencil. "It's something countless other campaigns have done before," Warfel said. "Obama had his people tracking Jack as well."

"Jack" is Jack Ryan, who until recently was Obama's Republican opponent, as well as Warfel's employer. In June, however, Ryan pulled out of the race. A court had released embarrassing testimony from a child custody battle with his ex-wife, the actress Jeri Ryan. Warfel, who now spends his days "relaxing," thinks Ryan was betrayed by the Illinois Republican party in general and chairwoman Judy Baar Topinka in particular. "Jack's campaign was a good campaign," Warfel said. "You had a superlative candidate. You had a guy with firm beliefs. And if you'd had a situation where the Illinois Republican party rallied around their candidate, the court stuff would have been a two-day story, and Jack would have gone on to win in the end."

And yet, by the time he dropped out, Ryan was clearly losing the race to Obama. One poll showed him as much as 20 points behind. A combination of factors plagued the Ryan campaign: Illinois has been trending Democratic, for one. Ryan, a former investment banker, had no government experience, for another.

Then there is Obama himself. He is a brilliant man and an impressive orator. Also, he has an unusual life story—unusual enough that he published a memoir, *Dreams from My Father*, before becoming an Illinois state senator. Obama was born in 1961 in Hawaii, where his father, a student from Kenya, was studying economics. His mother was 18.

When Obama was 2, his father left the family to return to Kenya, where he eventually became finance minister. Abandoned, Obama's mother, an anthropologist, married a man who worked in the oil business. The family moved to Indonesia, where they

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spent four years. Then Obama returned alone to Hawaii, where he was raised by his grandparents and attended Punahou, a tony prep school. The Ivy League followed: first Columbia, and then, after four years working as a community activist in Chicago, Harvard Law. In 1990, he was elected the first black president of the *Harvard Law Review* and saw his first round of adulatory press. It was already clear that Obama wanted to enter politics. He told reporters he would return to Chicago eventually. Chicago, he said, was "an ideal laboratory." He won his state senate seat in 1996.

I asked Justin Warfel whether Obama's biography explains his appeal.

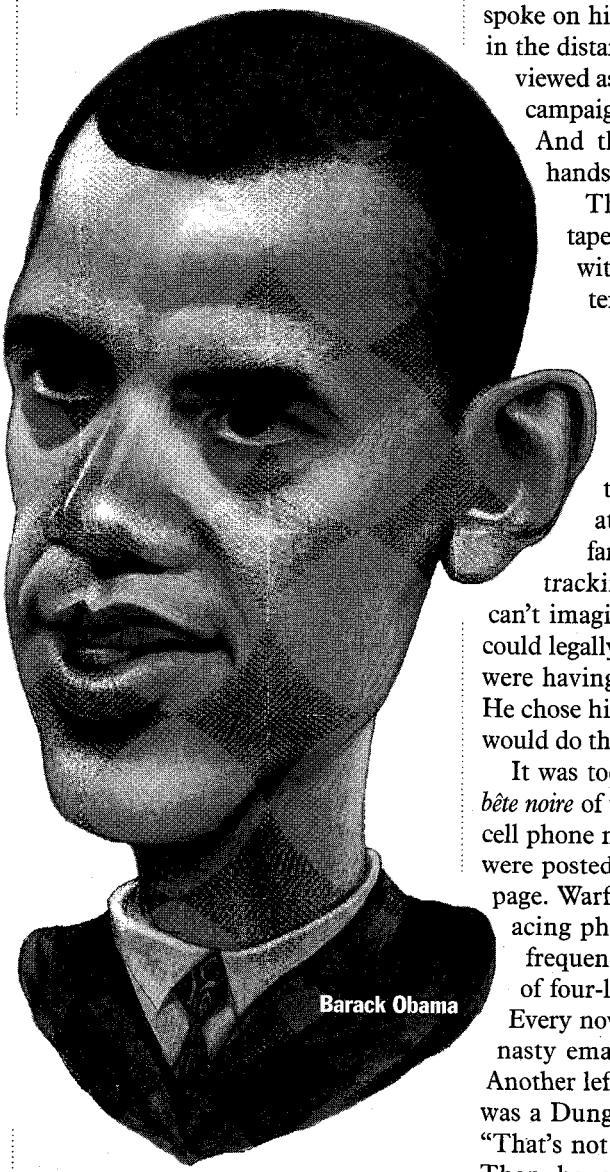
He scoffed. "Obama himself doesn't really interest me," he said. His voice was intense. "What's scary, though, is that he's able to portray himself in a moderate light. He's got so many people into thinking he is not the far-left candidate he is. But when you look at the issues, on abortion, on the gun issue, well, it's scary."

Warfel, who is 24, joined Jack Ryan's campaign last October, starting out as a regional coordinator responsible for Central Illinois. His assignment to track Obama came much later. After Obama bested six other candidates (one of whom spent about $29 million) in the Democratic primary, the Ryan campaign wanted to compare Obama's liberal primary message with his new, slightly more moderate general election one. The question of who exactly would track Obama was the subject of some debate in the Ryan camp, however. "Do you take a volunteer," Warfel said, "and put someone in that position? Or do you take someone else, hire an outside agent?" His bosses chose Warfel.

The job did not turn out as expected. One day in May, Warfel walked down a hall in the state capitol towards the tall, thin Obama, who was speaking to a group of reporters, photographers, and television camera crews. "I heard my name coming out of his mouth," Warfel said. The cameras, the lights, and the press all shifted their attention from the candidate to Warfel. Suddenly "they were tracking me."

Warfel kept his camera running, taping the cameras taping him.

Obama had made the young man a campaign issue. It was a clever move.



Barack Obama

"It's taking politics to a whole other level," Obama told the Associated Press. "He stops short of the bathroom, but gets me right when I come back out." Articles in the *Chicago Tribune* and *Sun-Times* soon followed. William Finnegan, writing in the *New Yorker*, called Warfel's methods "unusually aggressive." One journalist said Warfel was "bald"; another said he had "a shaved head." According to AP, Warfel "held the camera less than two feet from Obama's face, barking questions and interrupting Obama's conversations with reporters."

"Never happened," Warfel said. "That's the single most erroneous piece of reporting I've ever seen." He spoke on his cell phone. Dogs barked in the distance. "Obama wanted to be viewed as a victim of the Jack Ryan campaign. And he played it well. And the press played into his hands."

The press wrote that you taped his phone conversations with his wife and two daughters, I said.

"Also not correct," Warfel continued. "He claimed he couldn't speak to his wife without me taping his conversation. He never made any attempts to call any of his family members while I was tracking him." He paused. "I can't imagine a situation where you could legally tape someone when they were having a private conversation." He chose his words carefully. "I never would do that."

It was too late. Warfel became the *bête noire* of the Obama campaign. His cell phone number and email address were posted on a lefty blogger's web page. Warfel started receiving menacing phone calls. The calls were frequent, unending. "It was a lot of four-letter words," Warfel said. Every now and then he checks the nasty emails. They entertain him. Another lefty website claimed Warfel was a Dungeons & Dragons fanatic. "That's not true either," Warfel said. Then he groaned. "Oh," he said. "That's another game: Dragon Dice. I used to play it in college. You know, you're sitting around the dorm room, looking for something to do. It's like playing Risk."

Warfel suspects the Obama campaign leaked his personal information. But he has no proof. And he feels no ill will towards Obama.

Illustration by Earl Keleny

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"There was never personal animosity between he and I," he said. "Were we best friends, were we congenial acquaintances? Well, I was doing a job. He just happened to be the subject of that job."

Warfel says his problem is with Obama's politics. In his years in the state senate, Obama amassed a left-liberal voting record. He cast votes in support of partial-birth abortion. He cast votes for gun control and tax hikes and expanded government health care. He was against the Iraq war, against last year's $87 billion appropriation for reconstruction in Iraq and Afghanistan, against both Bush tax cuts. He glosses over his opposition to NAFTA and his desire to "reexamine" trade agreements while advertising his support for "globalization" in the abstract. Once, not so long ago, Obama received an 88 percent approval rating from the Illinois Chamber of Commerce. But times change. Now the number is 39 percent.

This is what makes Warfel frustrated. "What voters see during an election cycle is a candidate's campaign commercials," he said. "That's not an accurate picture of who Barack Obama is. The one thing people don't see is the way he's voted over the past seven years in the Illinois state senate." The thing is, Obama's positions are mainstream Democratic ones these days: "The convention frames where the party is," Warfel went on. "You have the two most liberal senators on the presidential ticket. You have Barack Obama. You have Tom Daschle. When these are your leaders on a national scale, what does that say to conservative Democrats?" He paused thoughtfully. "They only have one choice: Vote for Republican candidates."

Unfortunately, there is no Republican candidate for the Senate seat in Illinois. "So I suppose it's inevitable" that Obama wins, Warfel said. "Some people say he's a runaway freight train."

A car passed in the distance.

Warfel was glum. "Yeah," he said. "He and Hillary Clinton will be the best of friends in the Senate." ♦

The Man and the Mitt

A Republican grows in Massachusetts.

BY TERRY EASTLAND

MITT ROMNEY isn't someone Democrats from the 50 states have traveled to Boston wanting to meet and greet. Yes, Romney is governor of the Bay State, but he is also a Republican. Worse, he believes, contra the nationally unsettling decision of his own state's supreme court, that marriage consists only of the union of a man and a woman. "I'd be pleased as punch to be invited to Democratic functions," says Romney, a Mormon who, consistent with the teachings of his faith, sips nothing stronger than punch, which is assuredly not the drink of choice when the parties hold their quadrennial, week-long benders, also known as nominating conventions. "My presence is not in big demand."

Nor, you can be sure, will his take on John Kerry be popular with the assembling Democrats. Romney talks about Kerry not as one pol might talk about another with whom he was jousting on the floor of the Senate or competing on the campaign trail, but as a constituent. "He has been my senator for almost two decades," says Romney, and yet "I do not know what he stands for." *His* senator takes "conflicted positions." Wants to make medicine affordable for all but won't rein in malpractice windfalls for the trial lawyers. Wants better education, but won't take on the teachers' unions. Wants leaner government, but won't challenge the public employee unions that make it fat and sleek. Opposes same-sex marriage but votes against the Defense of Marriage Act. Votes for the North American Free Trade Agreement, but later decries the measure. Argues for better intelligence, but attacks the Patriot Act, notwithstanding that it strengthens our intel capability. "I'm surprised he didn't choose himself to be his running mate," cracks Romney, his point being that you could balance the ticket with two different Kerrys.

Romney doesn't press further to ask whether the junior senator from Massachusetts might lack the executive qualities (such as firmness of decision) needed in a president. Interestingly, those are the qualities most apparent in Romney himself. Indeed, though he once ran for the Senate, losing to Ted Kennedy in 1994 by 58 to 41 percent (Kennedy's closest race since 1962), it's hard to imagine his doing anything other than the work of an executive.

You could say he was born to it. His father George was CEO of American Motors and then a three-term governor of Michigan. A 1971 graduate of Brigham Young University, Mitt did the four-year joint business-and-law degree program at Harvard, where he met another student of executive mien, George W. Bush. ("We didn't get a lot of time together in B-school," Romney recalls.) After Harvard, Romney stayed in Boston and joined a consulting firm, working with, as he puts it, "good companies and some in trouble." In 1984 he began a venture capital company that invested in new enterprises and also acquired "troubled enterprises."

You'll notice the adjectives Romney uses: "trouble" and "troubled." He quickly acquired a reputation for his turn-around skills, becoming a very highly compensated business executive. And his "biggest turn-around,"

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he says, came with the 2002 Winter Olympics held in Salt Lake City.

The games were deep in debt (to the tune of $379 million) and beset by financial scandal. Romney was asked to come in and fix it all, and he did. Especially notable was the effective security operation he ran. Held soon after September 11, the Winter Olympics were widely thought to be a possible target of terrorist attack. Romney also made a daring executive gesture by conditioning his acceptance of the offered $275,000 annual salary on the games' turning a profit. When they did (clearing $40 million), Romney took the three years' pay owed him—and gave it all to charity. Earlier Romney had made a gift to the games of $1 million. Romney is not only rich but, by all accounts, richly generous.

Soon after the games ended, Romney decided to run for governor of Massachusetts. Most observers thought that whoever was elected would eventually be governing a state in deficit by as much as $1.5 billion. Upon taking office, Romney discovered a current deficit of $650 million and an anticipated one in his second year of $3 billion. Another turnaround job. On June 30 the state ended fiscal year 2004 with a $700 million surplus. "Most people expected tax increases," says Romney, who refused to go that route or to borrow funds. An improving economy has helped turn things around. But Romney also has worked down spending through government consolidation and reform.

Not that Romney has succeeded in doing all he would like to streamline and improve Massachusetts government. Far from it. Romney is the fourth straight Republican since Bill Weld was elected in 1990 to serve as governor of Massachusetts. But the state is probably the most Democratic there is. Both senators are Democrats. So are the 10 members of Congress. The state legislature is heavily Democratic: 33 Democrats and 7 Republicans in the Senate, and 138 Democrats and 22 Republicans in the House. Romney's vetoes are subject to override by a two-thirds vote, and few have stuck, though one did last week—a victory for charter schools. Romney is a big supporter of school choice.

It's hard to imagine that Massachusetts once was a strongly Republican state. "Democracy really works best when there are two strong parties," says Romney, "and the failings or excesses of the one are routinely pointed out by the other. But here the GOP is too small for the system to work the way it is supposed to." In the last statewide election, the party declined to challenge two-thirds of the Democratic incumbents. Knowing the obvious, that you can't win if you don't run, Romney has made candidate recruitment a high priority.

Romney isn't shy about taking his case to the people, aware that the people do seem to like having a Republican governor, if only to avoid a unified government that might drive the state over the fiscal cliff. Romney says there is "a streak of fiscal conservatism" and "independence" in the state, noting that Massachusetts voted twice for Ronald Reagan. Romney is under no illusion, however, that George W. Bush could win the Bay State. In the past eight presidential elections, no state has given the Democratic candidate a wider average margin over the Republican candidate (53 percent to 39 percent), and this time around the Democratic candidate is actually a son of Massachusetts. "If I were spending money [on Bush ads], I wouldn't spend it here. The gap is just too large."

Romney, a youthful 57, has been the subject of speculation about 2008, and it's easy to see why. Michael Murphy, a political strategist who has worked for Romney, calls him "a superstar." "He's in the toughest political state in the country [for a Republican], and yet he has succeeded as a tax-stopping conservative. He has been courageous in opposing same-sex marriage, and he's been an innovator in taking the 'hack-factor' down in state government. He's taken a big-spending, liberal mentality and made the state more business friendly." Mitt Romney would do well governing a red state, but he stands out astride one of the bluest. ♦

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No More Menace from Dennis

The Kucinich campaign whimpers to a halt.

BY KATHERINE MANGU-WARD

DENNIS KUCINICH'S campaign for president ended last week with an uninspiring fizzle, as the man who brings new meaning to the word "quixotic" tried one last time to assert his national viability.

On Thursday, the Ohio congressman endorsed John Kerry, thus hitting the homestretch on his 15 minutes of fame. After prolonging what has charitably been called his "long-shot campaign for the Democratic nomination" until the last minute, and bending his own positions on major issues until they were almost unrecognizable, Kucinich finally threw in the towel.

In his statement, Kucinich delivered his 68 convention delegates (out of the convention's total of 4,322) into Kerry's hands. He also encouraged Naderite voters to get on board. "If there is room for me in the party and the Kerry-Edwards campaign," he said, "there is certainly room for Ralph and his supporters."

But as the platform negotiations in Miami earlier this month made clear, Kerry's team isn't particularly inclined to accommodate the stragglers from the left, and any pretensions the Kucinich delegates had to "changing the debate" were shown up for wishful thinking.

Despite its mere 2 delegates out of the 186 on the platform committee, the Kucinich micro-faction submitted 18 amendments. Its priority was the Iraq plank. Kucinich wanted to remove from the platform the statement that "people of good will disagree about whether America should have gone to war in Iraq" and to add the assertion that the war was "a mistake."

Dennis Kucinich

Illustration by Earl Keleny

Failing to muster the 15 votes required to force debate on any amendment, the Kucitizens (as they call themselves) were reduced to lobbying for their views. They ended up with a compromise that only the truly hopeless could have been proud of. Tim Carpenter, Kucinich's convention coordinator, is apparently in that category. He said he was "pleased" with the language added to the platform, which now calls for American troops to pull out of Iraq "when appropriate so that the military support needed by a sovereign Iraqi government will no longer be seen as the direct continuation of an American military presence."

"We kept them awake until 4:00 in the morning," said Carpenter proudly. In exchange for consideration of their position on the war, Kucinich's team agreed to withdraw its 17 other proposed amendments.

And lest there be any confusion about this minor victory, the Kerry campaign immediately dispatched former Clinton adviser Sandy Berger to announce that Kerry "didn't give up anything." "The language on Iraq," said Berger, "is very consistent with what Senator Kerry has been saying all along." He smiled and called the state of the party "delightful unity," while the Kucinich folks looked on, pale and exhausted, witnessing the end of their campaign.

As the platform committee meeting wound down, at least one member of the Kucinich team was in tears, reported the Miami *New Times*. Delegate John Sherman of Minnesota, however, displayed an almost sunny optimism when he described his delegation's position at

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the platform negotiations as a "busted flush."

Kucinich, meanwhile, issued a statement comparing himself favorably with civil rights activists. He lauded the

> compromise over Iraq language at the Platform Committee meetings in Miami. Media reports, including the *New York Times*, pointed out that the Democrats escaped divisions like the ones that occurred in 1948 over civil rights and in 1968 over Vietnam. Working inside the party is not always convenient. We made a responsible choice to push as far as we could, with all the resources we had, to get as much as we could, without tearing the party apart.

Though Kucinich says he has not changed his position "one iota," his delegates have been instructed to lay off the issue of the war in Iraq at official convention events. Antiwar agitation will be confined to a progressive "shadow convention" well outside the Fleet Center security perimeter. In fact, one Boston-bound Kucinich supporter says "the Dean people are kicking up more of a fuss than we will."

Yet hope springs eternal. Kucinich delegates cite as definitive evidence that Democratic voters are on their side a recent *New York Times*/CBS News poll that shows by a margin of 56 percent to 38 percent people who identify themselves as Democrats say U.S. troops should "leave Iraq as soon as possible, even if Iraq is not completely stable" and not "stay in Iraq as long as it takes to make sure Iraq is a stable democracy."

In other words, hard-core Kucitizens still dream of a comeback, with their man at the helm of a massive progressive coalition designed to take over the Democratic party from within. Only time will tell.

For now, Kucinich is scheduled to speak at the convention on Wednesday, as his 15 minutes tick away. His speech will certainly be vetted by Kerry's team, and will contain no surprises. After all, as Kucinich's website now trumpets, "unity is essential." ♦

Are Cuban Americans Going South . . .

. . . for the Bush campaign?

BY DUNCAN CURRIE

MANY DEMOCRATS seem convinced that George W. Bush is losing traction with his Cuban-American base in South Florida. Press coverage of the administration's new anti-Castro measures—which tighten restrictions on family travel to Cuba, limit personal gift packages to the island, and reduce the per-day sum that visiting Americans may spend—has generally cast them as a political misfire. So have some Republicans. When, on July 7, the House voted 221-194 to block enforcement of the gift-package cap, 46 Republicans broke ranks with the administration. Arizona's Jeff Flake has warned that the measures could alienate enough Cuban Americans to tip Florida to Kerry in November.

The new regulations, which took effect on June 30, are designed to fortify the U.S. travel ban and deny the Cuban regime access to hard currency. They do essentially four things: redefine "family" to include only parents and children; allow family visits only once every three years, down from once a year; restrict parcel contents to vital items such as food and medicine; and reduce the daily spending limit of visitors to Cuba from $167 to $50.

The Kerry campaign sees an opening here. In early June, Sergio Bendixen and the New Democrat Network found Kerry leading Bush 40 percent to 29 percent (with 31 percent undecided) among Miami-Dade Cubans who came to the United States during or after the Mariel boatlift of 1980. Bendixen estimates that this group includes 75,000 registered voters. Many in this post-1980 generation—particularly those who have arrived since the 1994 Clinton-Castro migration agreement—consider themselves traditional economic immigrants, as opposed to political refugees. Bendixen distinguishes them from "old guard" Cuban exiles, who came before 1980 and number some 250,000 voters in Miami-Dade. This group still overwhelmingly supports Bush over Kerry, 89 percent to 8 percent. Democrats have seized on Bendixen's polling as evidence of a growing "generation gap" in Cuban-American political sympathies that will gradually erode a bedrock GOP constituency.

As Bendixen sees it, opposition to the administration's new policies is "energizing people" in the post-1980 demographic, since "almost every one of these voters still has family in Cuba." He says the issue could cost Bush Florida and the election. Joe Garcia, executive director of the Cuban American National Foundation, agrees that Bush will suffer among younger Cuban voters—voters who otherwise "would've stayed home" in November. "The president can't afford to lose *one* percent [of the Cuban-American vote]," Garcia adds, "much less the 9 or 10 percent that this may cost."

He has a point: Exit polls in 2000 showed that Bush captured between 80 percent and 85 percent of the Cuban vote in Florida. That translates into more than 350,000 votes—in a state he carried by just 537. "If one percent [of Cuban-Americans] had stayed home," Garcia says,

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"we'd be talking about President Gore." No kidding—and in 2000, Bush's support was swollen by outrage over the Elián González affair. So the question is not whether Bush will win a majority of Cuban-American voters—undoubtedly he will—but how big his majority will be.

The answer isn't obvious. On the one hand, longterm trends do seem to augur a shift in voting patterns among Cuban Americans. Bendixen persuasively shows that younger Cubans do not necessarily share the strong GOP inclination of the older generation. As James Gimpel, an expert on the politics of immigration at the University of Maryland, points out, the original Cuban exiles who arrived in the 1960s were generally middle class, entrepreneurial, and relatively affluent. They also benefited from the largesse of the unusually generous Cuban Refugee Program. The more recent arrivals tend to be poorer, which may make them less receptive to traditional Republican messages on domestic policy. Of course, Cuban Americans' historic ties to the GOP are rooted in anticommunism. When, eventually, the Castro dictatorship is gone, the durability of those ties will be tested.

That said, the weakening of Bush's Cuban base has been exaggerated. While the new travel and remittance restrictions may provoke some anti-Bush sentiment among younger voters, Dario Moreno, a specialist in Cuban-American politics at Florida International University, argues that these Cubans "were not going to vote for the president in the first place." At the same time, he explains, the measures "will help Bush among Cuban Americans on the right who were upset [that the White House hadn't done enough on Cuba] and might otherwise have stayed home." Moreno has been conducting polls of Florida Cubans for Campaign Data, Inc., since the mid-1990s. His recent findings put Cuban support for President Bush between 78 percent and 85 percent. He believes, moreover, that the vast majority of Cuban Americans support the administration's new policies.

Mel Martinez, Bush's former housing secretary and now a candidate for the U.S. Senate from Florida, says that before the policies were announced, "there was anxiety" among the older exiles "that [Bush] had not done enough." Indeed, even staunch conservatives such as Luis Zuniga of the Cuban Liberty Council were predicting a lower "old guard" turnout. Now, Martinez indicates, the travel and remittance measures have galvanized this community in favor of Bush. In his own Senate campaign, he adds, he's "proudly running on the new measures," which he helped draft as a member of the Commission for Assistance to a Free Cuba.

Marco Rubio, Republican majority leader of the Florida House, similarly predicts that any increased turnout among younger Cubans in support of Kerry will be more than offset by an increased turnout for Bush among older exiles. For that matter, Miami congressman Mario Diaz-Balart is not convinced that the younger generation is any less firmly anti-Castro than the old guard. He points out that in 2002, his Democratic opponent—Annie Betancourt, the widow of a Bay of Pigs veteran—all but turned their House race into a referendum on the U.S. embargo, which she opposes. In the end, Rep. Diaz-Balart won between 90 percent and 95 percent of the Cuban-American vote—"and I represent the youngest district in the state of Florida," he says.

When Castro is gone, the durability of Cuban Americans' ties to the GOP will be tested. For now, the weakening of Bush's Cuban base has been exaggerated.

"When you bring up the Cuba issue, younger Cubans are the most hard-line," Diaz-Balart insists. He cites a February 2004 poll commissioned by the Washington-based Cuba Democracy Advocates, which found that nearly 80 percent of Cuban Americans who've arrived since 1990 believe the best way to expedite regime change in their homeland is either to "mount a military operation" or to "tighten sanctions."

Diaz-Balart also notes that he and his brother Lincoln, another Miami congressman, have each received hundreds of phone calls from Cubans in support of the new measures and only a handful against them. And when Francisco Aruca, a fiery pro-Castro radio commentator in South Florida, took to the airwaves to organize a demonstration outside Lincoln's Miami office in late June, only three protesters showed up—while a spontaneous pro-Bush rally nearby drew several dozen.

For his part, John Kerry has sharply denounced the administration's new Cuba initiatives and called for "principled travel"—whatever that may be—to the island. But Kerry has a broader credibility problem on Cuba. To wit, he's been on both sides of the embargo question. He's criticized, then un-criticized, the work of Cuban dissident Oswaldo Paya. And he has said he voted in favor of the 1996 Helms-Burton Act, which strengthened the embargo, when in fact he voted for an early version of the legislation but opposed the final bill.

Kerry's hopes of siphoning off Cuban-American votes from Bush ultimately rest on two notions: first, that younger Cubans will take a softer line toward the Castro regime than those who arrived before 1980; second, that the new travel and remittance rules will trigger proportionally more anti-Bush feeling among the post-1980 generation than they will pro-Bush feeling among the pre-1980 generation. If these turn out to be correct, Kerry may well win in Florida. ♦

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John Kerry Is Different from You and Me

Yes, he has more money. Lots more.

By Noemie Emery

Poor President Bush. It's not often a man with a net worth in the low eight figures is made to feel destitute. But compared with the other three men atop the national tickets, Bush seems almost indigent. This year, both ends of both tickets are rolling in lucre. Taken together, their net worth comes out at more than $1.3 billion, equivalent to the gross national product of many small nations. If Bush, Dick Cheney, and the Democrats' Johns—Kerry and Edwards—got together, they could fund their own country. Meanwhile, Bush, with a mere $18 million or so, is very much the low end of this quartet, worth three times less than the two men running for the privilege and post of being vice president, who score in the neighborhood of $50 million apiece. But they all seem like pikers next to John Kerry, who, thanks to his wife, has access to something over $1 billion, making him by far the richest man ever to run on a national ticket, as well as the most self-indulgent in his lifestyle, and the most quasi-royal in his sense of himself.

Wealth in American politics is of course nothing new. The Revolution was largely led by rich men from Virginia. The Declaration was written by a rich planter's son, Thomas Jefferson; the Constitution by Gouverneur Morris, son of a rich New York farmer. George Washington was a well-to-do planter whose wealth came from his wife, who was not rich herself but had married a wealthy first husband (the John Heinz of his era). We had the Kennedy brothers, the Roosevelt cousins, the various Bushes, brothers and sons, all of them comfortable. We have the many members of the millionaires' club in the Senate; those who got there on their names and their money (Jay Rockefeller and Edward M. Kennedy); and others (Jon Corzine) who made their own fortunes, and then bought their seats. But we have never seen anything quite like John Kerry, both in the extent of his wealth and his attitude toward it. He is not merely rich, he is stunningly wealthy. He became rich in a way unconnected to merit. Yet he seems to believe it's his due.

In most cases, the well-to-do in American politics have been like the Kennedys, Bushes, and Roosevelts, people who lived in great comfort but not ostentation, with, say, a town house, a (family) place in the country, small pleasure boats, and of course live-in help. When he ran for president, Franklin D. Roosevelt had a flat in New York and the family seat in Hyde Park and he lived in the governor's mansion in Albany. Theodore Roosevelt had a house in Washington (where he served as McKinley's vice president), and his ungainly Sagamore Hill mansion on Long Island. When John Kennedy ran, he had a nice but unostentatious town house in Georgetown, and a nice but unremarkable house on Cape Cod. (To be fair, he also had access to his father's Palm Beach oceanside mansion, and the family's several apartments in New York.) When George W. Bush ran for president, he lived in the governor's mansion in Austin, and his one home was his ranch.

Kerry by contrast is master and commander of no fewer than five lavish mansions, all large, and all on the priciest real estate, where property values boggle the mind: There is the $3.7 million mansion in Fox Chapel, Pa., on a 90-acre estate with a pool and a carriage house; the $6.9 million town house on Beacon Hill back in Boston; the $9.1 million waterfront house on Nantucket Island; and a $5 million ski chalet in Ketchum, Idaho, built from a 15th-century barn discovered in England that was then taken apart, shipped to America, and reassembled stone by stone. When they want to live simply, the Heinz Kerrys make do with a 23-room town house in Georgetown, almost three times the size of the one that the Kennedys lived in, and worth a mere $4.7 million. To go back and forth between all of these places, the Kerrys have the deluxe model of the Gulfstream V private jet, which retails for about $35 million.

Play, too, is costly for Kerry, who recreates with a bike

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that costs $8,000 and a motorboat that goes for $800,000. In 2003, Kerry's main source of personal income was the sale for $1,350,000 of a painting, part of which he "bought" seven years ago from his wife. (Nice work if you can get it.) According to the *Los Angeles Times*, Franklin D. Roosevelt was worth about $11 million in today's money when he died in 1945; Lyndon B. Johnson about $82 million in 1966; and John F. Kennedy was worth about $124 million in 1960. The same report put the wealth of Teresa Heinz Kerry at between $1 billion and $3.8 billion, or more than five times the worth of these wealthy former presidents combined. With the exception of Nelson A. Rockefeller, who eyed the presidency three times in the 1960s, and served for a short time as the appointed vice president to Gerald R. Ford, this is something without precedent in the upper levels of our national politics. Never before has there been so vast a gap between the life of a possible national leader and that of the people he wishes to govern. Whatever his politics, Kerry is living at a level of luxury wholly unseen in American politics.

Will it matter? "Americans are just not resentful of rich politicians if they feel they got their money in some fair way," said Thomas Mann of the Brookings Institution, speaking of Kerry and others. But some ways are fairer than others. The closest thing to a Horatio Alger story in this year's race is of course John Edwards, a self-made millionaire, who, if his background was not quite as grim as he paints it, at least owes his cash to his own exertions—the sweat, if not of his brow, then of his tongue. Dick Cheney was also born poor in obscurity, but, unlike Edwards, who became rich and then famous, using his fortune made in the private sector to launch him in politics, Cheney became famous, then rich. His is the classic Washington story, in which you spend years working day and night for a comparatively modest government salary and then use your contacts and experience to make tons of money.

Both Edwards and Cheney can fairly be said to have made it themselves, though the fields in which they made it—trial lawyering and the oil business—are not regarded with reverence. Bush comes from the ranks of the privileged youth who float through early life on family connections and money, and try later in life to earn it on their own. And no one can claim that his fortune—secured mainly through the sale of his stake in the Texas Rangers, which he got through the web of his father's connections—was earned by the sweat of his brow. Bush got his access by way of his parents, but at least had to do something.

But it is with Kerry that the gap between money and effort is greatest. He secured access to a fortune of over $1 billion by saying two words: "I do." Unless one thinks ill of the woman he married, one can hardly regard this as "earned." Of course, his wife did not earn it either; she inherited it from her first husband, making it in effect a hand-along on two different levels. Kerry has made a practice, if not a career, of romancing very rich women and living well on their money—his first wife, Julia Thorne, had a family fortune of $300 million when he married her. Between heiresses, there was a hiatus, in which he was forced to live on his salary, which seems to have been an unpleasant experience. Mrs. Heinz took him away from all this, moving him in an instant from vagabond senator to the lap of luxury, into which he has happily settled. Add up the two marriages, and Kerry has been a consort for much of his life, a man whose wives signed the checks for the big-ticket items, a concept with a faintly old-world connotation, and one that calls to mind *The Golden Bowl*. Marrying money is hardly improper; but neither does it inspire confidence, especially for those of the masculine gender. Cinderella is a fairy-tale heroine, but a consort always appears just a little ridiculous—at best a freeloader, at worst someone suspected of possibly planning an accident. (See "Hitchcock, Alfred," and just about any film noir.)

Granted staggering wealth on the basis of marriage, Kerry seems to believe he deserves it, and perhaps always has. Such, at least, is the popular perception among the voters who know him best. "One of the surest ways to get the phones ringing on any Massachusetts talk-radio show is to ask people to call in and tell their John Kerry stories," says Howie Carr, the *Boston Herald* columnist and radio host. "The phone lines are soon filled, and most of the stories have a common theme: The junior senator pulling rank on one of his constituents, breaking in line, demanding to pay less (or nothing), or ducking out before the bill arrives. The tales often have one other common thread. Most end with Sen. Kerry inquiring of the lesser mortal: 'Do you know who I am?'" *Just For Kerry* is a common Bostonian take on what his initials stand for; and a possible insight into his priorities could be inferred from his tax records for the year 1993 (when he was between wives), in which he earned $130,345 and gave exactly $175 to charity, while indulging in an $8,600 Italian-made mountain bike for himself.

Throughout his career as an officeholder, John Kennedy gave his salary away to various charities, and lived on his trust fund. In this respect as in so many others, John Forbes Kerry is no JFK. "Kerry tosses around quarters like they were manhole covers," Carr jokes, while maintaining a fondness for luxuries. According to the *Boston Globe*, between 1990 and 1995 (when he married

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Neal Hamberg / Bloomberg News / Landov

Tourists outside the Kerrys' Boston town house

John Heinz's widow), Kerry earned a total of $724,042 and gave $4,869 to charity, or a grand total of 0.7 percent. (In the same years, William Weld, Kerry's blue-blood opponent in the Senate race of 1996, earned $1,082,875 and gave away $164,928, or 15.2 percent.) In this six-year span between his two marriages, the most Kerry ever gave to charity was $2,039 in 1994. Two years, he gave nothing at all. In the years between his two marriages, Kerry leaned heavily on friends and constituents to cushion the stresses of living on a salary, receiving generous favors of condos and cars. In his new status of billionaire's consort, he hasn't stopped asking for favors. A fire hydrant that prevented him and his wife from parking their SUV in front of their Beacon Hill town house was removed by the city of Boston. The lawn at the imported ski chalet in Idaho is kept fresh and green by a water pipe laid down and maintained by the state.

Economic conservatives—and most voters—have traditionally been happy to let the rich rake it in, as long as the other classes also keep rising, on the grounds that a system that allows a few to be obscenely rich also creates a better life for most people, or at least a more prosperous life than they would lead under a sluggish economy that tried much harder to spread much less money around. But liberals cling to the cause of proportion, the sense that it is indecent for any one class, one person, or even one country to claim too many of the goods of the earth. How dreadful, they tell us, that Americans, who make up 3 percent of the world's population, consume 30 percent of its product, and how dreadful that 3 percent of the population in this country controls 20 percent of its wealth. So is it also dreadful that John Kerry's wife controls more than the gross national product of many Third World countries; that he has five mansions while most struggle to keep up the payments on one modest house, and many own no home at all?

Not fair at all, one can hear Kerry saying, as he jets between Georgetown and Boston on the Flying Squirrel (his wife's private jet, equivalent models of which would cost $5,000 an hour to charter). How much does it take to keep John Kerry going? Let's see. Add up his wife's holdings, and divide them by two (they have no dependent children still living with them) and you come up with some interesting things. Their five very large houses are worth more than $30 million (the property taxes alone cost more than most people's houses), so it takes $20 million simply to house him. Add in the plane and the boat, and the cost of transporting and entertaining John Kerry comes to almost $16 million. Add in incidentals—the bike, the tending by Christophe, etc.—and you come out with one historically high-maintenance candidate.

Most rich people in politics have had one or two major houses, and made constant use of them. The Franklin Roosevelts spent their time at Hyde Park; the Theodore Roosevelts at Sagamore Hill. And the Kennedys were either in Palm Beach or Cape Cod, usually with a large horde of children. The Heinz Kerrys, by contrast, stay in some of their multimillion-dollar dwellings only a few weeks in the year. Most of the American political rich seem like American types, only richer, as they play in their none-too-elaborate family compounds, tossing a football, or whacking at brush. Kerry is a departure from this pattern, in the scale of his wealth, and his attitude to it. This is a republic, not the Austro-Hungarian Empire, nor even a plot from a Henry James novel. Are we really ready for a consort who seems to believe he's a prince? ♦

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Only Connect

The findings on Iraq and al Qaeda in the final report of the September 11 Commission

By Stephen F. Hayes

"There was no question in our minds that there was a relationship between Iraq and al Qaeda."

Those are the words of Thomas Kean, the Republican co-chairman of the September 11 Commission. He made the statement on July 22, 2004, 10 days after a *New York Times* headline declared, "9/11 Report Is Said to Dismiss Iraq-Qaeda Alliance," and a month after another headline in the same paper blared, "Panel Finds No Qaeda-Iraq Tie."

The second of those stories came as part of the wide wave of media coverage that dismissed the Iraq-al Qaeda connection after a 9/11 Commission staff statement concluded that the available evidence did not suggest a "collaborative relationship." The staff statement was poorly worded and vague, and reporters long dubious of an Iraq-al Qaeda relationship trumpeted the findings as definitive proof that the Bush administration had exaggerated the connection. The *Los Angeles Times* reported that the staff statement was the "most complete and authoritative dismissal" of the Bush case on Iraq-al Qaeda.

But the commission's final report presents a much more nuanced picture. It cites repeated "friendly contacts" and details numerous high-level meetings between the regime of Saddam Hussein and al Qaeda terrorists. It demolishes the claims of former White House counterterrorism czar Richard Clarke that there was "no evidence" of Iraqi support for al Qaeda—in part by publishing excerpts of internal White House emails in which Clarke himself directly makes an Iraq-al Qaeda connection.

The report provides details of several of the "friendly contacts," including meetings throughout the mid-1990s which suggest the outreach between Iraq and al Qaeda went both ways. In March 1998, "two al Qaeda members reportedly went to Iraq to meet with Iraqi intelligence." The public learns for the first time of a trip taken by Iraqi officials to Afghanistan in July 1998 in which they met first with representatives from the Taliban and later with bin Laden. According to the commission, "sources reported that one, or perhaps both, of these meetings was apparently arranged through bin Laden's Egyptian deputy, [Ayman al] Zawahiri, who had ties of his own to the Iraqis." (The Weekly Standard reported in November 2003 that Zawahiri met with Saddam Hussein in 1992. And, according to an interrogation of a senior Iraqi Intelligence official, Zawahiri received $300,000 from the Iraqi regime in 1998.)

This new information is helpful. But the report contains several gaping holes with respect to the Iraq-al Qaeda relationship. Its overview of the 1993 bombing of the World Trade Center makes no mention of Abdul Rahman Yasin, an Iraqi who has admitted mixing the chemicals for that attack. And in seeking to rule out any Iraqi involvement in the September 11 attacks, the panel mystifyingly relegated the intriguing story of Ahmed Hikmat Shakir, an Iraqi present at a key 9/11 planning meeting, to a single, dismissive footnote.

"We have found no relationship whatever between Iraq and the attack on 9/11," asserts Kean. "That just doesn't exist." Kean may end up being correct. But his categorical statement is premature.

The commission's final report offers the most detailed official account so far of Mohammed Atta's alleged meeting with an Iraqi intelligence officer in Prague, first reported by Czech intelligence. According to the commission, the Iraqi in question, Ahmed al Ani, was not in Prague at the time of the alleged meeting. The commission doesn't reveal how it knows this, and given its credulous reporting of al Ani's denial of the meeting, one hopes this account of al Ani's whereabouts did not come from the Iraqi intelligence officer himself. Still, the commission's decision to address the question of the Prague meeting directly is admirable.

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The same cannot be said about Ahmed Hikmat Shakir. The details of Shakir's activities in late 1999 and early 2000 are familiar to readers of this magazine. They were summarized in the Senate Intelligence Committee's recent report on pre-Iraq war intelligence:

> The first connection to the attack involved Ahmed Hikmat Shakir, an Iraqi national, who facilitated the travel of one of the September 11 hijackers to Malaysia in January 2000. [Redacted.] A foreign government service reported that Shakir worked for four months as an airport facilitator in Kuala Lumpur at the end of 1999 and beginning of 2000. Shakir claimed he got this job through Ra'ad al-Mudaris, an Iraqi Embassy employee. [Redacted.] Another source claimed that al-Mudaris was a former IIS [Iraqi Intelligence Service] officer. The CIA judged in "Iraqi Support for Terrorism," however, that al-Mudaris' [redacted] that the circumstances surrounding the hiring of Shakir for this position did not suggest it was done on behalf of the IIS.

This chronology omits several details, according to sources familiar with the intelligence on Shakir. The three-day meeting in Kuala Lumpur was a key planning meeting for both the attack on the USS *Cole* and September 11. Al-Mudaris, the Iraqi embassy employee, controlled Shakir's schedule at the airport. Shakir left his job two days after the al Qaeda meeting. More striking still, when Shakir was detained in Qatar on September 17, 2001, he was in possession of contact information for several high-ranking al Qaeda terrorists. These contacts included Zaid Sheikh Mohammed, the brother of Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, the operational planner of the 9/11 attacks, and Musab Yasin, an Iraqi and the brother of Abdul Rahman Yasin, who mixed the chemicals for the first World Trade Center attacks. Shakir was known to U.S. intelligence because he had received a phone call in 1993 from the safehouse where planning for the first WTC bombing took place. After his release from custody in Qatar in January 2002 he was detained in Jordan as he attempted to travel to Baghdad. According to several officials with firsthand knowledge of the intelligence on Shakir, the Iraqi regime demonstrated a keen interest in Shakir's release. After being held for three months, he was released and is believed to have returned to Iraq. His current whereabouts are unknown.

The Senate concluded the "CIA's reluctance to draw a conclusion with regard to Shakir was reasonable based on the limited intelligence available and the analyst familiarity with the IIS."

Shakir is not even mentioned in the body of the report, despite his having escorted hijacker Khalid al Mihdhar to the Kuala Lumpur meeting.

But the 9/11 Commission did not even mention Shakir in the body of its report, despite his having escorted hijacker Khalid al Mihdhar to the Kuala Lumpur meeting. Although the commission's account of the Kuala Lumpur meeting is otherwise exhaustive, the only reference to Shakir comes in a footnote on page 502 of the 567-page report. The commission does not address the substantive reporting on Shakir's activities. Instead, the footnote seeks only to clarify confusion resulting from public reports that a lieutenant colonel in the Saddam Fedayeen had a name similar to Shakir's.

Here is the relevant part of that footnote:

> Mihdhar was met at the Kuala Lumpur airport by Ahmed Hikmat Shakir, an Iraqi national. Reports that he was a lieutenant colonel in the Iraqi Fedayeen have turned out to be incorrect. They were based on a confusion of Shakir's identity with that of an Iraqi Fedayeen colonel with a similar name, who was later (in September 2001) in Iraq at the same time Shakir was in police custody in Qatar.

Still, the finding that there appear to have been two different Shakirs does nothing to explain the activities of the Shakir described in the Senate report. (Indeed, the sourcing of the 9/11 Commission report on the two Shakirs inspires little confidence. The commission cites a report in the *Washington Post* co-bylined by Walter Pincus, whose unbridled hostility to the Iraq-al Qaeda connection is well known.)

The question, then, remains: Who was Ahmed Hikmat Shakir? The answer is, we don't know.

In an interview, commissioner John Lehman, who supports the findings of the final report, says he wants to know more about Shakir.

> LEHMAN: The Shakir in Kuala Lumpur has many interesting connections that are so multiple in their intersections with al Qaeda-related organizations and people as to suggest something more than random chance.
> QUESTION: With respect to both al Qaeda and the Iraqi regime?
> LEHMAN: Yes. Both.

The commission's report was equally incomplete in its three-page treatment of the 1993 World Trade Center attacks. The account provides many specifics about the plot and its perpetrators. But one name is conspicuously absent: Abdul Rahman Yasin.

Yasin, an Iraqi, came to the United States in September 1992. He has admitted on national television—in a 2002 interview with *60 Minutes*—that he mixed the

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chemicals for the bomb. He was detained twice by the FBI and, despite his intimate knowledge of the plot, was twice released. According to an overview in the Senate Intelligence Committee report, Yasin "fled to Iraq with Iraqi assistance." A reporter for *Newsweek* magazine and ABC News spotted Yasin in Baghdad in 1994 and reported that he was operating freely. A neighbor told the reporter that Yasin was working for the Iraqi government. Documents recovered in postwar Iraq indicate that Yasin received not only safe haven in Iraq, but also funding from the former Iraqi regime.

The commission report makes no mention of Yasin and, remarkably, praises the efforts of law enforcement: "The FBI and the Justice Department did excellent work investigating the bombing."

Other parts of the report and the public statements of commissioners do, however, broaden the public understanding of the Iraq-al Qaeda relationship. Taken together, they render laughable the arguments of those who still maintain there was "no connection."

Of particular interest are assessments of Clinton administration officials and of former White House counterterrorism official Richard Clarke, whose credibility is reaching Joe Wilson lows. It was Clarke who famously declared on March 21, 2004: "There's absolutely no evidence that Iraq was supporting al Qaeda. Ever."

The report notes that the Clinton Justice Department included the Iraq-al Qaeda connection in its spring 1998 sealed indictment of Osama bin Laden. That indictment came before the al Qaeda attacks on U.S. embassies in East Africa—after which numerous Clinton officials cited an Iraqi connection to the al Shifa pharmaceutical plant in Khartoum, destroyed by the United States in response to those al Qaeda attacks. The relevant paragraph of the indictment reads:

> Al Qaeda reached an understanding with the government of Iraq that al Qaeda would not work against that government and that on particular projects, specifically including weapons development, al Qaeda would work cooperatively with the government of Iraq.

According to the 9/11 Commission report, quoting an email from Clarke to former National Security Adviser Sandy Berger on November 4, 1998:

> This passage led Clarke, who for years had read intelligence reports on Iraqi-Sudanese cooperation on chemical weapons, to speculate to Berger that a large Iraqi presence at chemical facilities in Khartoum was "probably the direct result of the Iraq-al Qida agreement." Clarke added that VX precursor traces found near al Shifa were the "exact formula used by Iraq."

No evidence? Ever?

In February 1999, when Berger suggested going after bin Laden with a U2 flight over Pakistan, Clarke objected. The flight would have to be approved by Pakistan, he reasoned, whose intelligence services were close to bin Laden and would likely warn him of the coming attacks. In an email to Berger on February 11, 1999, Clarke writes: "Armed with that knowledge, old wily Usama will likely boogie to Baghdad."

At the press conference held to unveil the final report, commission co-chairman Kean fielded two questions about the Clinton administration's linking of Iraq to al Qaeda.

> QUESTION: Former Defense Secretary William Cohen testified before your commission to the effect that the Clinton administration believed that Osama bin Laden and Iraq collaborated on the construction of a nerve gas factory in the Sudan. And it was on that basis that the factory was bombed on August 20, 1998. . . . Given your finding that there was no collaborative operational relationship, what was it about that testimony and that issue that caused you not to give weight to Secretary Cohen's testimony before you?
>
> KEAN: We gave weight to the testimony. And it's the same belief that President Clinton had, the same belief that Sandy Berger has. But there are a whole bunch of people on the other side who dispute that finding, who say there is no independent collaborative evidence that those chemicals were there. And this is a debate that goes on. We were not able to come to a conclusion on that debate. We could say that there is no evidence that we found—independent evidence—that those chemicals were there. But I can tell you that the belief of people we all respect, from the president of the United States, President Clinton, down through Sandy Berger and down through Cohen, believe very, very strongly that they were right to target the factory and in fact it was what they thought it was.

Curious, then, that President Clinton would tell the BBC in a recent interview that the CIA "never believed that Saddam had any ties to al Qaeda." On March 23, 2004, Cohen testified under oath that he had seen intelligence indicating that an executive from the al Shifa plant "had traveled to Baghdad to meet with the father of the VX program."

Commissioner Lehman, who demonstrated a keen interest in the Iraq-al Qaeda connection in his questioning of commission witnesses, expects to learn more about that relationship. "There may well be—and probably will be—additional intelligence coming in from interrogations and from analysis of captured records and so forth which will fill out the intelligence picture," he says. "This is not phrased as, nor meant to be, the definitive word on Iraqi intelligence activities." ♦

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Husbands and Wives

What gay marriage won't change

By Tod Lindberg

It is possible that at the end of the day, gay marriage will be an enduring reality, at least in some places. This troubles many people, even as others hold it up as an important element in the recognition of equal human dignity. But how much, really, will be changed by gay marriage? With all due respect, I think both proponents and opponents overstate the likely effects. Gay marriage will neither be especially dangerous to marriage as such, as opponents fear, nor will it usher in equal recognition for gay and lesbian couples, as proponents hope.

Some opponents of gay marriage take their position on the basis that homosexuality as such is morally wrong. This position provides an intellectually consistent grounding for opposition to gay marriage, but it is nowadays rarely the basis of arguments made in the public square. Instead, opponents of gay marriage generally argue that the expansion of the use of the term "marriage" to gay couples as well as the extension to them of the legal and customary rights of married couples will diminish the sanctity of marriage and weaken an institution that is of vital importance to the rearing of succeeding generations. In short, gay marriage will have a bad effect on marriages of the traditional man-woman variety.

That the institution of marriage has changed over the course of a century or so is undeniable, as is the direction of the change: in favor of more freedom for individuals at the price of a less-binding tie. It seems unlikely that we will ever see sufficient political enthusiasm for a return to the laws and mores of marriage 19th-century-style. No, rather, the question is whether the changes will stabilize at a tolerable level or whether we have embarked upon a spiral that will lead to social ruin—and if the latter, whether the spiral will inevitably run its course or whether we can stop it or at least slow it by political action (such as a constitutional amendment).

That there is some sort of downward spiral—that marriage, in general, isn't what it used to be—critics of gay marriage have amply shown. But, in fairness, one must balance that loss against what we got in exchange for our family troubles: namely, greater individual freedom. It seems likely, for example, that women's increasing workforce participation had something to do with the current state of the family, to pick one element of this directional change that seems settled in favor of the greater freedom granted now. And we await a discussion that disentangles gay marriage from other factors contributing to the downward social spiral of the family. That's partly because it's a difficult thing to show. But the difficulty itself ought to serve as a warning flag that we may have trouble with some basic concepts here.

Critics of gay marriage regard marriage between a man and a woman as something higher than could ever be represented by a union of two men or two women. For purposes of argument, let us accept the view of the critics. But if man-woman marriage is truly higher, how is it threatened by something lower? If what's lower can cut marriage down to the size of the low, then what is the basis of the claim that marriage of the man-woman sort is higher in the first place? After all, the fact that some marriages are not good marriages across the full panoply of modern dysfunctionality does not mean that no marriages are good marriages (and therefore, presumably, of a higher sort). The higher sort are not undone by the existence of a lower sort.

But one should call things by their proper name, no? Well, yes, but if we cease calling something by its proper name—or rather, start calling something by an improper name—do we change the thing? If, as Lee Harris argues, "marriage" exists not by virtue of a "right" to marry but has in fact been constituted from time immemorial by the union of a man and woman itself, then the true constitution of marriage does not change because the term is applied to two men or two women. A marriage of two men or two women is simply *not the same* as a marriage between a man and woman, and it does not become the same by virtue of calling it by the same name. A recent review in The Weekly Standard by Margaret Boerner noted that English is a language of few synonyms: Most other lan-

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guages get by with a single term for both a study (where you read) and a studio (where you paint). We could probably get along reasonably well with a single term for male-female union and male-male and female-female union. Gay marriage will remain "gay marriage" even if the term "gay" drops out. Nor will marriage as such need to be classified as "straight" or "heterosexual" when a man and a woman are involved. When people are introduced to a gay married couple, their sense of the social structure underlying the marriage will be quite different from their sense of the social structure uniting a married man and woman. This is not a matter of anti-gay animus but of the reality of social construction.

As much as gay-marriage proponents would like to do so, we are unlikely to be able to devise a complete solution to the problem of making two things the same when they differ in fact. Stubborn language of the sort that is interwoven into the social structure will persist in reflecting people's sense of the reality around them. For example, when my wife, Tina, introduces me to someone, it always closely follows this form: "This is my husband, Tod." And when I introduce Tina, as I did in the previous sentence, it is as "my wife." There is, of course, another term for each of us, and that is "spouse." But I don't think she has ever introduced me as "my spouse." In fact, I do not recall ever having been introduced to someone's "spouse" as such.

The utility of the term "spouse" is chiefly as a generic in relation to a mixed-sex group of people who, say, work together: "Spouses welcome," meaning, those who are married to the members of this particular group are free to attend the event in question. And one can already feel the term "spouse" pushing outward from its original boundaries in the "spouses welcome" phrase. Because if spouses are welcome, chances are you can bring your fiancée—or boyfriend or girlfriend or partner or live-in, as appropriate.

Since the 1970s, the Census Bureau has collected data on cohabitation out of wedlock by counting POSSLQs, Persons of the Opposite Sex Sharing Living Quarters, in its monthly Current Population Survey. The term is pronounced "possuhl-cue." A reasonable response to this classification scheme is to treat it as ripe for comedy, as the broadcast journalist Charles Osgood did in his 1981 book, *There's Nothing That I Wouldn't Do If You Would Be My POSSLQ*. Another entry, this time in the "young adult" category of fiction, is Eve Bunting's 1987 *Be My POSSLQ*, where the point is actually that the young man and woman sharing the living quarters have a relationship that is platonic. It is, in any case, a distinctly unlovely term. But one of the reasons the term is so awkward is that what it's getting at is a complicated thing to describe: an unmarried man and woman who are living together as a couple, meaning that they are involved romantically and in most cases sexually, and intend to continue to do so and be so. Clearly, this is a state of affairs prevalent enough to deserve a status, some acknowledgment of a pattern of social practice—but, I think, not much. POSSLQ will do. At least, that is, until someone raises the inevitable question: What about an unmarried man and man or woman and woman who are living together as a couple, meaning that they are involved romantically and in most cases sexually, and intend to continue to do so and be so?

This, too, is a matter of some complexity for the Census Bureau. Don't we need a classification for the same-sex version of the phenomenon, PSSSLQ (I leave the pronunciation to the reader)? Oddly enough, POSSLQ has its origins in a sense of scandal quite absent from the same-sex variety of cohabitation, in that an unmarried man and woman living together were once thought to be acting disreputably, whereas homosexual couples didn't officially exist, such relations being subsumed under categories such as "lodgers" and "roomers."

The Census 2000 questionnaire asks the householder who completes the form to identify others living there and to choose for each from a list answering the question "How is this person related to Person 1?" One may choose "husband/wife," "natural-born son/daughter," etc., but "if NOT RELATED to Person 1," the choice is "Roomer/boarder," "Housemate/roommate," "Unmarried partner," "Foster child," and "Other nonrelative." From the answer to this question and from the answers to the question of sex, male or female, for each person, the Census Bureau is able to obtain a count of "same-sex unmarried partner households" (allocating same-sex couples who check the "husband/wife" box to this category as well). Fifty-two percent of American households in 2000, or 54.5 million, were maintained by married couples. There were 4.9 million "unmarried-partner households," and of these, 594,000 were "same-sex unmarried partners."

"Unmarried partners" is a status one cannot ignore; it is more, sometimes much more, than nothing. It may, nowadays, come with a benefits package from employers, as well as commonly held property and children. It may entail state-sanctioned "civil union" in some cases. But the vagueness remains. I return to the problem of introductions. On the anecdotal evidence, introductions remain a socially unsettled matter: "my partner" (but couldn't that be a business partner?); "my life-partner" (a bit sententious); "my boyfriend" or "my girlfriend" (but while the former clearly denotes a sexual or romantic relationship in the case of gay men, the latter does not quite do the same job in relation to a lesbian couple, and in both cases, in the sexual context, don't these terms smell a bit of teen spirit?); "my lover" (the spirit has here aged into the

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Byronic late teens and early twenties); "my live-in" (straightforward enough, though also said of the help). When Tina or I introduced L., who lived with my sister-in-law K. for seven years, it was as "my sister-in-law"; true, there was nothing "in law" about L. and K. But L. took it as an acknowledgment of the seriousness of their relationship, as it was intended. And they were "Aunt K. and Aunt L." to our children, who may or may not have been old enough to understand the relationship between the two. On one hand, "aunt" is easy, since social practice has long had a place for honorary aunts and uncles. On the other hand, Aunt L.'s family status was clearly higher than that of "Uncle J.," my old friend.

And of course it is true that in the case of same-sex couples, but not in the case of man-woman couples, here matters traditionally must end. Marriage has been available to the latter, but the former are stuck with a status that they may (or may not) find unsatisfactory on account of its intrinsic ambiguity and elusiveness. Gay marriage is the proposed solution, the provision of a status available to all equally, straight or gay.

But will that be satisfactory, a real equality? If so, then the difference between a married heterosexual couple and a married gay or lesbian couple would be inconsequential insofar as the marriage is concerned. I'm afraid I don't think that's very likely.

In the case of gay marriage, what do you call the married people? Perhaps, indeed, "spouses." But there would then seem to be two possibilities. The use of the term in relation to gay marriage might cause "spouse" to acquire a primary association with same-sex coupledom. In that case, we are probably going to need another term for "spouse" in the sense of "spouses welcome." Or "spouse" retains its primarily generic applicability while also becoming a particular term for referring to either of two married men or of two married women in relation to each other.

It's also possible that some married gay men will refer to their "husbands" and that married lesbians will refer to their "wives." But what about the man or woman who is doing the referring in those two cases? Will the man referring to his husband consider himself his husband's "wife," or the woman referring to her wife consider herself a "husband"? It seems highly unlikely. (I mean this outside the context of camp, where such usages have long had currency.) Much more likely is that we will have a gay marriage consisting of either two husbands or two wives, or two spouses, in the very real and concrete sense that this is how each member of the couple will introduce the other.

Consider, for example, the famous consciousness-raising children's book *Heather Has Two Mommies*. Well, indeed she does—but what Heather does not have and is never going to have is a mommy and a daddy who are both women. There may (or may not) be roles typically associated with "mommy" or "daddy" assigned respectively to each of the two mommies. But even in the highly implausible case of the superimposition of a *Father Knows Best*-style division of family labor—Mommy 1 stays home, does the cooking and cleaning, takes care of Heather; Mommy 2 is the sole breadwinner, goes to the office every morning, gets home in time to read Heather a bedtime story before tucking her in for the night—Mommy 2 is nevertheless not "Daddy."

And I think this is true even in the case of some totalitarian-style language reform according to which either (a) a child, whether being raised by a same-sex or mixed-sex couple, is forbidden to use the terms "mommy" and "daddy" and must refer to each parent only by name; or (b) same-sex parents are required to assign themselves, one each, the title "mommy" or "daddy" and stick to it. (In the interests of avoiding stereotyping, you would probably also have to insist that opposite-sex parents classify themselves as "mommy" and "daddy" randomly, without regard to sex.)

In either case, the linguistic scenarios would have to contend with and would be understood only in the context of a shared social reality in which most children continue to be raised by a unit formerly known as a mommy, a woman, and a unit formerly known as a daddy, a man. The revolution required to excise this aspect of social reality from our shared experience would have to be truly comprehensive: I think it would entail the complete severing of child-rearing from marriage, perhaps à la Plato's *Republic*, or the mandate that there be equal numbers of same-sex marriages and male-female marriages, with children issuing from each category in equal numbers.

As with "mommy and daddy," so with "husband and wife." We may have gay marriage. But neither two married men nor two married women will ever be "husband and wife"—whereas a married man and woman will always be husband and wife. The language is not arbitrary. It is an indicator, once again, of a rather robust social reality. The extension of the term "marriage" to include same-sex unions may produce a certain formal equality. But that does not mean that marriage is the same whether between a man and a woman or between two men or two women. The extension of the legal status does not erase and in fact reveals an underlying difference, one that is going to continue to be marked by the language we speak and the way we live. ♦

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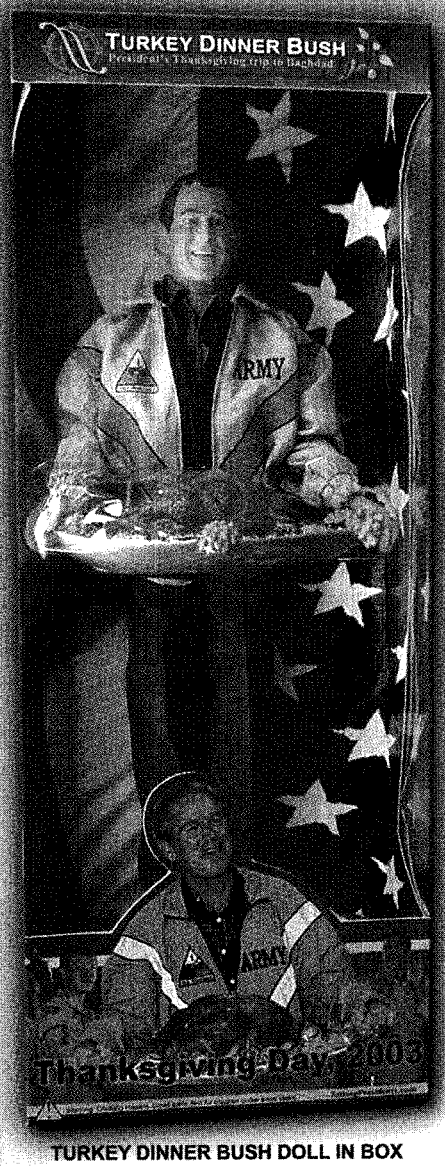

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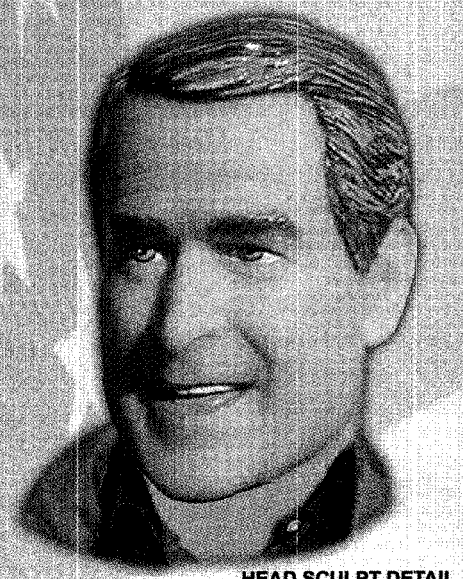

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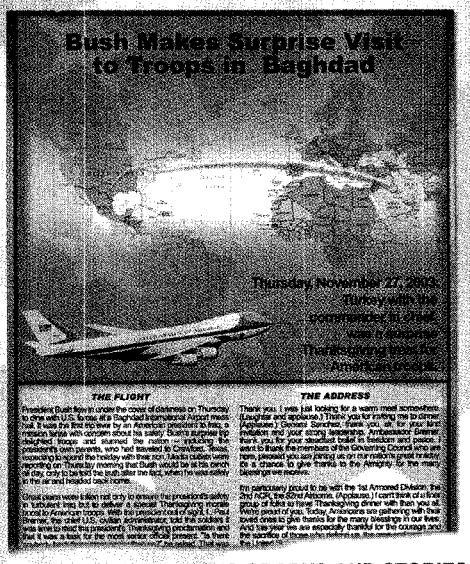

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Bare Nekkid Ladies

Hugh Hefner and the mainstreaming of pornography

By Brian Murray

All pictures: HarperCollins.

In 1992 Hugh Hefner authorized the film *Once Upon a Time*, a documentary about his long career as the founder of *Playboy* magazine. It's a fascinating movie, not least for its archival footage from the 1950s and early 1960s: *Playboy*'s early years, when Hefner first became famous as an editor with a flair for displaying color photographs of not-quite-nude women in a publication aimed, as one early advertisement put it, at the "man of taste who—without acquiring the stigma of the voluptuary or dilettante—can live life to the hilt."

In one clip from the early 1960s, *Playboy* model Cynthia Maddox addresses the camera. She wears a black cocktail dress, a bouffant flip, and a look of exasperation. For a year she's been dating "Hef," faithfully, she explains—even though he insists on dating other girls. "I don't mind sitting home and not going out," Cynthia sighs, "but I expect him to do the same."

Poor girl, but what did she expect from a man calling himself "Mr. Playboy"? He'd hung a plaque outside his front door that read, "If you don't swing, don't ring." He registered the names of his lovers in an expanding series of "little black books." Hefner now claims to have slept with "thousands of women"—and "they still like me." But then, according to the legend he has sustained for so long, everybody likes Hugh Hefner—and "Hugh Hefner" is the one subject, next to sex, Hefner seems never to tire of. His new autobiographical volume, *Hef's Little Black Book*, is described by its publisher as a "treasure trove of urbane lore, wry advice, and time-honored wisdom spanning the realms of romance, hedonism, ambition, business, dreams, and, of course, sex." Hefner's coauthor, Bill Zehme, provides the lore, calling Hefner "The Master" and tracing, in awestruck prose, his long career "from the inspiration of a single idea to the emergence of a sprawling international corporation built on self-belief."

Hef's Little Black Book
by Hugh Hefner and Bill Zehme
HarperEntertainment, 183 pp., $19.95

The book has lots of pictures, too. Here's Hef's "Mansion West"—"a sprawling baronial Tudor" placed atop "the greenest of slopes" set on "five green acres" near Hollywood. Here's his "glorious jet-black DC-9" and his legendary round, rotating bed, which "launched a thousand hips," as Zehme quips. Here's Hef hosting a party, passing the deviled eggs; here he is poolside, brows knit, intently basting a naked beauty with baby oil. Here's Hef's state-of-the-art movie theater and his fridge filled with Pepsi Cola, the Master's favorite soda. And here's something you won't find on the menu at Denny's: "Hef's Requisite Postcoital Meal," an inviting mix of buttered toast, hash brown potatoes, and "eggs sunny side up, with bacon, crisp."

The man who began *Playboy* is "a descendant of Pilgrim life at Plymouth Rock," as James Coburn solemnly narrates in *Once Upon a Time*. But he wasn't to the Mansion West born.

Brian Murray teaches writing at Loyola College in Maryland.

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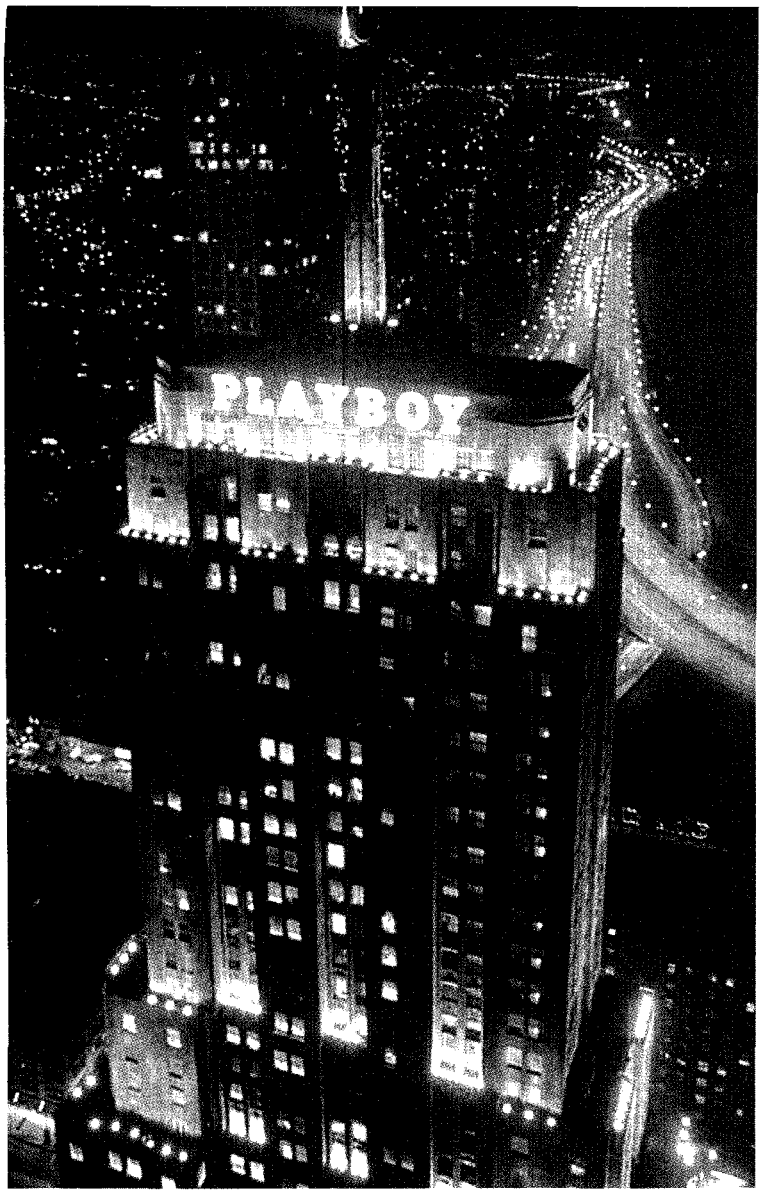

Hefner's parents were poor, teetotalling Methodists who worked their way up to a modest brick home on Chicago's west side. At school, Hefner was considered dreamy and withdrawn but precocious; over the years he has often pointed out that his I.Q., measured in boyhood, hit the mark at a whopping 152.

In 1944 Hefner joined the army, serving as an infantry clerk; after the war he enrolled at the University of Illinois, where he majored in psychology, ran a humor magazine, and sang with a dance band. After graduating in 1949, Hefner married his first wife, Mildred Williams, a schoolteacher—the prototypical girl next door. The couple had two children, a son and a daughter, Christie, who now heads the Playboy Corporation and with her father owns around 70 percent of the company's stock.

Soon after leaving college, Hefner worked variously as a cartoonist and a copywriter, but he dreamed big. He started *Playboy* with a small investment and some loans, pasting up the first issue himself on a card table in his Chicago flat. Its centerfold featured Marilyn Monroe reclining nude on a carpet of red satin. Hefner didn't know the actress; he'd bought the picture cheap from a local printer.

Hefner's autobiographical narratives invariably revolve around a trio of themes: repression, escape, and self-invention. He had a happy, secure childhood, he admits, but he feared ending up like his parents, who were too "repressed" for his tastes, "with no comprehension of the possibilities of turning life into a real celebration." So, he says, he retreated into the fantasies of love and adventure provided by comic books, popular songs, and movies (he's been a chronic movie-watcher all his life). "He was just eight when he saw *Tarzan and His Mate*," Zehme records, "and his life would change forever."

That first, and soon lost, wife Millie also gets a large part in Hefner's narrative of transformation and ascent. She shocked Hefner by admitting that she'd had an affair during their engagement. While Hefner was stuck on some army base, manning a typewriter, Millie was back home dallying with another man. "This was the single most devastating experience of my life," he remembers, "and in a certain sense, I don't think I ever got over it."

This event perhaps throws light on Hefner's obsession with proclaiming that "nice girls like sex, too," which he seems to equate with Newton's discovery of gravity. It also makes his transformation from shy cartoonist into the Casanova of Chicago look more clearly like an act of revenge. Millie strayed, so Hefner strayed, too—two thousand times, or so.

By 1959 Hefner's marriage was over, and he set about reinventing himself, cultivating the image of urbane fashionability his magazine extolled. He looked for props. A pipe, he figured, would be a good place to start—a fine briar to suggest intelligence and class, not some cheap corncob Popeye would puff on. He stopped wearing white socks with his sweaters. He swapped his Studebaker for a Cadillac and, most notably, bought a seventy-room mansion in Chicago's loop, three blocks from Lake Michigan. Alex Haley, a *Playboy* regular, recalls that, from the start, Hefner's mansion, its blinds always drawn, took on the aura of a shrine. Outside, gaping tourists would gather, "as if they expected an orgy to spill out."

Selling sex was starting to become a boom industry during the 1950s, as publishers and moviemakers sought to test the limits of legality in the increasingly permissive postwar era. Skin mags like *Carnival*, *Escapade*, and *Wink* were available to those who knew where to find them, and a steady stream of "hygiene" films played in shady theaters across the land, combining glimpses of nudity with dark warnings of the dangers of prostitution and venereal disease, to appease local censorship boards. On the same bill viewers might catch a more cheerful vehicle promoting the merits of sunbathing by offering fleeting shots of happy nudists square dancing or pitching horseshoes.

The key for Hefner, however, was to craft a more upscale image for *Playboy*. So he combined *Esquire*'s literary sophistication with the sort of artful nudes one could find in camera magazines like *Popular Photography* and the *Figure Photography Annual*. And he constructed an editorial voice that was light, clubby, and oddly earnest, as if

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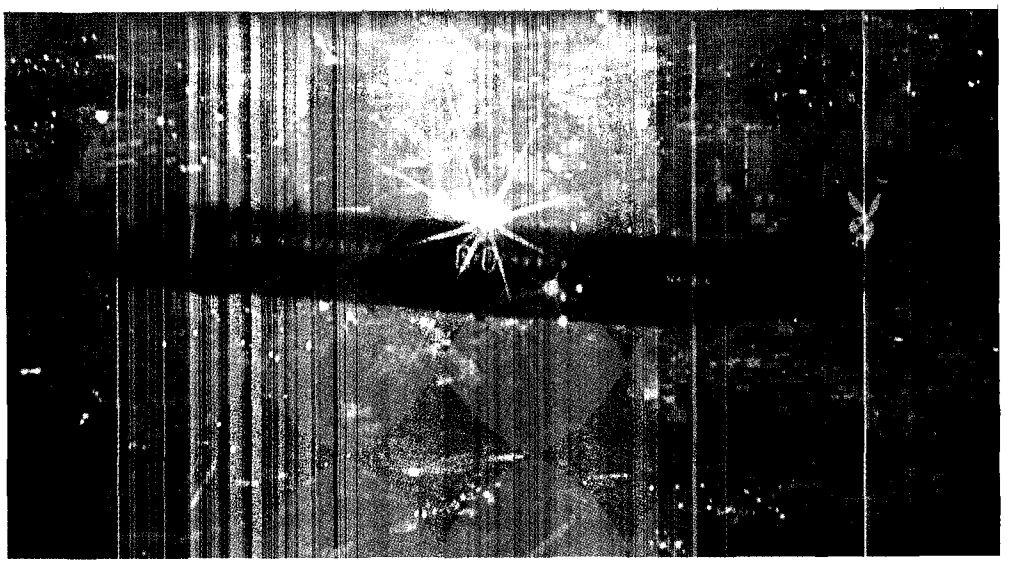
this middle class Midwesterner—who seems to have subsisted largely on fried chicken and Wonder Bread—were very determined to come across as a man of the world. "We enjoy mixing up cocktails," he wrote in the first issue, "putting a little mood music on the phonograph, and inviting in a female acquaintance for a quiet discussion on Picasso, Nietzsche, jazz, sex."

Nietzsche's work doesn't actually appear in the first year's issues of *Playboy*, but Giovanni Boccaccio's does: Hefner didn't have to pay royalties to writers who died in the fourteenth century. But as sales grew, so did the list of contributors: John Steinbeck, Ray Bradbury, Erskine Caldwell—even Bob Hope, writing about golf. Unlike other men's magazines of the day, *Playboy* didn't run crime stories or articles about fishing for trout or tracking moose. From the start, it emphasized the stylish and the cool: jazz, sports cars, Parisian nightlife, ice buckets covered in calf skin. It paid tribute to the iconoclastic and hip: Steve Allen, Orson Welles, Frank Lloyd Wright.

In 1959 Hefner began a syndicated television show, *Playboy's Penthouse*, which was set in what was meant to look like a high-rent bachelor pad, high above the city. Every week a party was in progress, and Hefner, wearing a tux, invited viewers inside to meet his pals and mingle with the girls. Buddy Rich, Dizzy Gillespie, and Sammy Davis Jr. provided the music; Lenny Bruce poured the champagne. Once a name on the masthead, Hefner was now large in the public eye: the bantering icon of one of the fastest-selling magazines in publishing history.

In 1962 Hefner sought to enhance his credentials by writing "The Playboy Philosophy," a 250,000-word manifesto serialized in the magazine. Hefner wanted to answer his critics, who included some well-known academics, journalists, and clergymen. Benjamin DeMott, for example, had described the *Playboy* world as "first and last an achievement in abstraction," since the many things that "presumably complicate both the inward and outward lives of human beings"—including religion,



families, vanity, love—have "all been emptied from it." Mike Wallace, interviewing Hefner on his television show *Night Beat*, observed that *Playboy* offered little more than a "sniggering" and "lascivious" kind of sex. And Roy Larson, a Methodist minister, argued that *Playboy*'s philosophy was a set of new commandments, which included: "Thou shalt not wear double-breasted suits," "Thou shalt not swing and sway to Sammy Kaye," "Thou shalt not read the *Reader's Digest*," and "Thou shalt not attend the P.T.A."

"The Playboy Philosophy" recalls the work of a smart undergraduate who has ingested too much caffeine. Hef certainly swotted up for the occasion. One imagines his aides staggering out of the Chicago Public Library and back to the mansion, their arms full of such books as *Social Control of Sex Expression*, *Love and Sex Emotions*, and G. Rattray Taylor's *Sex in History*—all of which are cited in Hefner's discourse.

And what does he actually say, beneath the pretentious blather? Nothing much—just a series of now largely unexamined clichés, for forty years the background noise of popular American culture. Free enterprise, a good thing, is stoked by the sort of conspicuous consumption *Playboy* promotes. Repression, a bad thing, is rooted in the Puritanism that has marked this country's culture from the start. *Playboy*, the antidote, refuses to treat sex "with solemnity," nor will it accept "shibboleths, chains, traditions, and taboos." For "what causes all the sickness, the perversion, the rape, is a repressive society—a society that can't be open in a loving and positive way."

Hefner claims he stopped composing his credo because he believed the cultural transformation he was demanding was well on its way. By the mid-1970s, his empire included publishing, movie production, casinos, resorts, and the international chain of private clubs where waitresses carried trays dressed as rabbits, complete with ears and tail. The rabbit-head *Playboy* logo, indeed, now appeared on clothing, golf equipment, and countless other products; it hung from the rearview mirrors of El Caminos and Cordobas all the way from Worcester to Walla Walla.

Playboy, meanwhile, sold more than seven million copies each month, and no magazine paid its contributors more. Saul Bellow, John Updike, and Norman Mailer were all contributors. The interviews the magazine ran, moreover, were widely admired, offering extensive conversations with Albert Schweitzer, Jean Paul Sartre, Princess Grace, and Jimmy Carter, among others—none of whom would have appeared similarly in the pages of *Knave*, say, or *Jugs*.

Still, the early air of strenuous sophistication—bohemianism in a Brooks Brothers box—was now largely gone. *Playboy* was no longer criticizing "Mr. Average American" but inviting him to the party, where the music was by Sammy Hagar, not Stan Kenton, and the talk was of the National Football League, not Friedrich Nietzsche. It offered a strange blend of the high and mostly low: Vladimir Nabokov on one page, Linda Lovelace on the next.

Hefner was in his glory and, after the fashion of the day, sported leisure suits and loudly patterned shirts with flap-

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ping collars, projecting power now in a manner that was part Rat Pack, part Howard Hughes. He turned his Los Angeles mansion into a Xanadu, complete with a zoo of exotic animals: Peacocks strolled the grounds, and monkeys hung from trees. With his companion, the actress Barbi Benton, Hef toured the world in his DC-9, and as Benton would recall, "in every city we went, thousands of people would turn up at the airport to see Hugh Hefner walk out of this black plane with a bunny on the tail. It was like he was the president."

But during the 1980s cracks appeared in *Playboy*'s airbrushed façade. Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten was murdered by her demented boyfriend (a story retold in Bob Fosse's 1983 film, *Star 80*). *Penthouse* magazine and other competitors challenged *Playboy*'s circulation by offering more graphic pictorial spreads. The publisher of *Penthouse*, Bob Guccione, is bankrupt now, but still proud of his own contribution to the slow march of Western civilization. "We were the first to show full-frontal nudity," Guccione recently reminisced. "The first to expose the clitoris completely." *Penthouse*, not *Playboy*, was now leading the way.

During the 1980s, *Playboy* followed and responded—never quite matching the explicitness of its rivals, but becoming even more obviously lascivious and sniggering. Hefner's most visible critics included the "anti-sex feminist left," as he called it, and religious conservatives like Jerry Falwell. But other commentators, like the philosopher Roger Scruton, took time to consider the ethical and cultural implications of pornography's acceleration: Scruton's 1985 *Sexual Desire* is one of the decade's best books on the theme. The *Washington Post*'s Jonathan Yardley saw Hefner as the first source of "the pervasive presence of sex, whether overtly or by innuendo, in virtually every corner of our public life from sitcoms to soap operas to advertising."

In the climate of the 1980s, the Meese Commission on Pornography, appointed by President Reagan, found links between organized crime and the growing porn industry, and a connection between certain pornographic genres and violent crime. Almost touchingly, some of the commission's members lamented porn's focus on "uncommitted sexuality" generally. Others pointed to the obvious fact that displaying sex publicly changes and degrades its nature. The commission did not link *Playboy* to criminality or violence; in fact, one commission member would even praise *Playboy* for publishing "the healthiest nude sexy pictures in America. It should have a larger share of the sex picture market." Still, some vendors, like 7-Eleven, pulled the publication from its shelves and sales—along with advertising revenue—began to slide. One headline in those days said it all: "*Playboy*—The Party's Over."

For a time Hefner, who suffered a stroke in 1985, withdrew from the public stage, planning to write an autobiography, still unpublished. Then in 1989, to wide surprise, he married Kimberly Conrad, a former Playmate of the Year. In *Once Upon a Time* Hefner declares that he has come full circle "to values very similar to my own parents."

The marriage to Kimberly ended after ten years, and perhaps many in his organization were relieved, since the figure of "Hef," like Colonel Sanders, was necessary for sales as the recognizable face of an international brand. Hefner himself has recently—and revealingly—stressed that "I'm really in the advertising and marketing business, not just in terms of the magazine, but everything else I've done."

Clearly, Hefner recognizes the value of keeping his swinging, retro-cool bachelor image alive for a new generation of *Playboy* readers—even while he and Zehme laugh up their sleeves at the millions who might actually take it seriously. "What kind of man reads *Playboy*?" asked an old ad campaign. Judging by the way Hefner speaks to him in *Hef's Little Black Book*, that reader is certainly not very bright, and he's no man of the world, either. Here's Hef on love and marriage: "The best relationships are those where both people are really trying to make it work." And, "some relationships improve with marriage, but a lot of them don't." Remember, too, "Different people have different needs."

On sex, Hef's observations are no less acute. "It's not a good idea," he instructs, "to fall asleep while you're actually having intercourse. Not very polite." Beyond that, "cuddling is very important." Hef recommends a "mirror on the ceiling"—still a must for the gentleman of taste. Also, "a large television screen is important for your X-rated videos." But then, "I'm a visual guy."

This allusion is perhaps self-serving, since *Playboy* is now, ironically, heavily invested in X-rated videos. For years, Hefner not only sought to portray himself as a man more seduced than seduc-

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ing—an amiable fellow who couldn't resist the temptations that came his way—but also to uphold *Playboy*'s image as a "classy" publication. In the beginning, he promised a publication that would provide "the directness of a good foreign film and the spice of a Broadway show." But the Playboy Corporation now owns "Spice," "Hot," and "Vivid," hard-core cable channels. In fact, when combined with its own Playboy channel, Playboy dominates the growing cable and satellite adult movie market.

In the 1950s Hefner ensured his respectability—and thus his profitability—by taking his magazine upscale and edging it carefully into the cultural mainstream. But pornography has followed the same cultural path as jazz and rock 'n' roll: Subversive once, it's mainstream now, a major American industry worth more than $15 billion annually—more than major league football, baseball, and basketball combined. Americans spend around $500 million each year on X-rated pay-for-view movies alone—a figure that some in the skin trade predict will soon hit $1 billion.

No wonder Hefner considers himself "the happiest guy on the f—ing planet": His magazine might be sinking, but thanks to porn he's still rich. Besides—and here's the seldom mentioned truth about Hefner—hard core was always where his heart was. Zehme shows him as a young husband "living life to the hilt" by urging his wife and neighbors to comeover for a few rounds of "strip charades" as one neighbor recalls, as well as "strip poker, strip spin the bottle," and—who knows?—strip Scrabble as well. At Hef's behest, "stag films became part of their home entertaining." And Hef made a stag film of his own, in which he appeared masked with a "willing young woman" and a sidekick who now recalls "Hef could talk anybody into anything if he tried."

Innumerable hours spent watching Hollywood movies may have given Hefner help in forming his persona (according to Zehme, "urbane swells" like Cary Grant and Fred Astaire somehow "taught Hefner how to be a romantic leading man"). But his life has been little more than one long porn loop: He attended his first orgy in 1957 and never looked back; Zehme cheerfully calls him a "sex-junkie with an insatiable habit." Although Hefner encouraged his readers to "live with zest and adventure," he seems to have spent most of his time indoors in his pajamas: eating fried chicken, watching old movies, and having sex with thousands of his closest friends.

The Master of the Good Life—the man *Esquire* recently described as a "philosopher king"—has had, in fact, a surprisingly dull life, if *Hef's Little Black Book* is an accurate guide. But maybe the dullness is not so surprising. In the pages of *Playboy*, the sweated and furtive pornography of the 1950s dressed itself up in a smoking jacket and pretended for a while to be the high life. But it was always just about the business of pornography and nothing more: the dull repetition of dirty pictures, issue after issue.

Day after day, hour after hour, minute after minute, in the case of Hugh Hefner. ♦

Philosophy: The Movie?

Stanley Cavell tries to string together deep thought and film. **BY MARK BAUERLEIN**

Pick up a scholarly book these days and you'll encounter chapters that mingle high and low culture with promiscuous aplomb. One study applies deconstruction to advertising jingles; another links the Bilbao museum to the racial composition of the French national soccer team. This indiscriminate coupling is supposed to be a sign of currency, showing that the professor has enough conscience to nod to the oppressed and sufficient irony to avoid investing too much in any one text or opinion.

Cities of Words
Pedagogical Letters on a Register of the Moral Life
by Stanley Cavell
Belknap, 458 pp. $29.95

But what about when an eminent Harvard philosopher mixes things up so? For thirty years, Stanley Cavell has examined subjects far from the realm of analytic philosophy: Shakespeare, Thoreau's *Walden*, Hollywood movies, and the vatic essays of Emerson. In them he found philosophical questions differently asked: How should we live our lives? What kinds of persons should we be? Emerson is the great expounder of such questions, he now maintains, and Shakespeare, Thoreau, and, yes, classic Hollywood films brilliantly act them out.

This new book, *Cities of Words*, brings the intellectual objects of Cavell's career—philosophy, drama, film, and Emerson—into one volume. It is presented as a summary review, with chapters on nine philosophers, four writers, and thirteen films, the materials derived from years of lecture notes. Emerson's rebukes to conformity are paired with *The Philadelphia Story*, John Rawls's *Theory of Justice* gives way to *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale* is measured against Eric Rohmer's *Conte d'Hiver*. Cavell unites them with the theme of Emersonian Perfectionism, defined as "a register of the moral life that precedes, or intervenes in, the specification of moral theories which define the particular bases of moral judgments or particular acts or projects or characters as right or wrong, good or bad."

Mark Bauerlein is a professor of English at Emory University.

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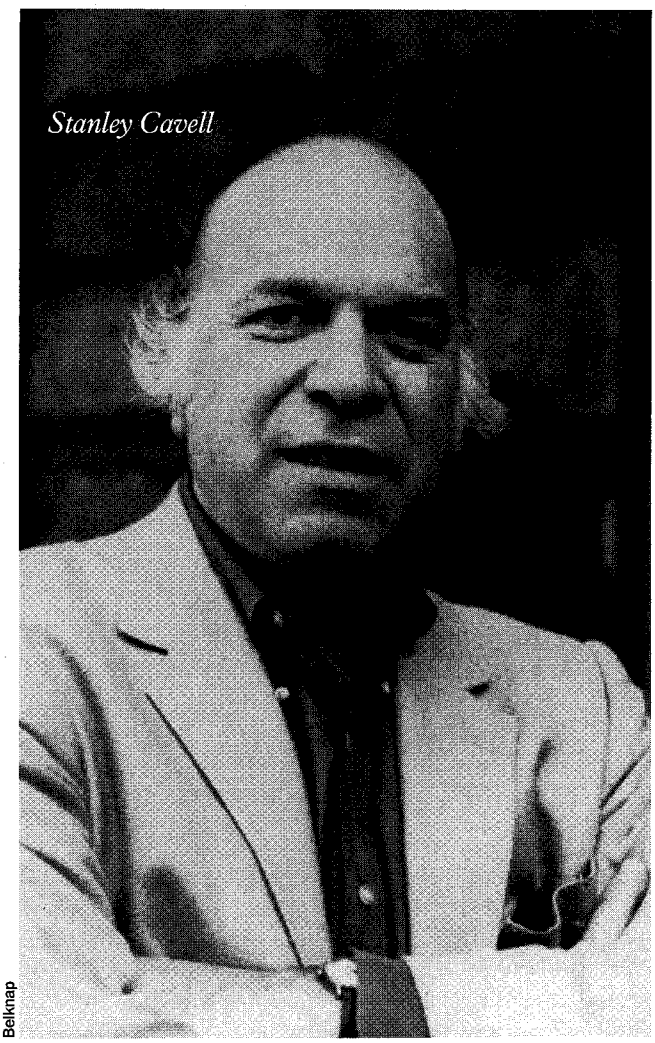
Stanley Cavell

Belknap

Such a "register" isn't an idea or a theory or a disposition. It's a deep personal outlook, a sense of self, a vision of what kind of person one should be and what kind of society we should create. The outlook shapes the individual's whole conduct, not this or that action, as a moral entity to be judged. Emerson located the perfectionist impulse in an experience of shame, as when we recognize and abhor our conformity; or in a case in which mass opinion rises against a dissenting voice; or, more positively, in a moment when a spiritual presence briefly enters the soul and orients the mind to the reality of things. Such episodes, though rare, spark a drive for moral betterment, leading to the exhortations for which Emerson became famous: "Build, therefore, your own world"; "The only sin is limitation." When the register changes, so do thoughts, memories, feelings, and tastes: entire lives.

Cavell invokes Locke, Kant, Aristotle, Mill, and Freud to concentrate the moral tradition on perfectionist notions, and as he rambles through the Categorical Imperative, utilitarian ethics, and distributive justice he occasionally makes some useful broad observations. One example is his point that Rawls's egalitarian notion of society leaves no room for excellence in culture. Another is Cavell's emphasis on the disgust with present circumstances *in toto* that initiates a moral advance, as in Thoreau's decision to go to the woods. For the most part, though, with the exception of Emerson and his follower Nietzsche, the philosophical discussions in *Cities of Words* are flat: not faulty, just spiritless.

But when Cavell turns to the films, the commentary picks up. His sentences become crisper, his thoughts more agile. In part, that's because Emersonian perfectionism advances through concrete situations, not discursive reasoning. It takes a specific event to shake a "register," to make an individual perform a complete self-inventory. Emerson prepares it by spouting provocative aphorisms and calls for renewal, but the films do better, representing such transformation in drama. They lead characters to moral crises and fateful crossroads, as when in *The Philadelphia Story* Tracy (played by Katharine Hepburn) recoils from her own identity as a "scold," gets drunk, awakens the next morning, and turns her criticism inward. In effect, her "register" metamorphoses: She breaks off her engagement, alters her relations with family, and remarries her former husband (played by Cary Grant).

But Cavell may do better with film than philosophy for a simpler reason: He seems to like movies more than he likes books. He calls *Stella Dallas* and *It Happened One Night* "masterpieces," and he spins some elaborate readings of images and dialogue. In this, Cavell—who is a thinker of some seriousness and an intelligent man—stands amidst the idiotic cultural-studies professors who cite Heidegger or Foucault only to speed toward the real object: *The Matrix* trilogy, Benetton ads, and serial murderers. One suspects the scholarly gesture is a duty and the turn to popular culture a pleasure. In Cavell's case, it seems, the Kantian *a priori* pales next to Bette Davis telling Paul Henreid, "Oh, Jerry, don't let's ask for the moon; we have the stars." Mill's happiness principle can't compete with Ingrid Bergman's tears in *Gaslight*.

To be sure, philosophers have recognized this temptation ever since the *Republic*, and Cavell acknowledges the frivolousness of mass entertainment. He eschews the hip pose of the campus culture critic, and even admits that the removal of the film chapters from his book would not "intellectually be much of a loss." But why include the films in a rumination on moral perfectionism at all? As a capstone statement to a long career in philosophy, *Cities of Words* is a strange but symptomatic book. It attempts a grand fusion of traditional intellection and film criticism, of Kant and Howard Hawks, but the blending never comes off. Instead, the excitement of star images eclipses the rigors of reasoning. If a distinguished philosopher can't sustain philosophy in the face of glamorous movies, one wonders whether the mingling of high and low in the humanities today isn't just a middle step in the loss of higher wisdom altogether. ♦

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Love in the Ruins

Men, women, and the way we live now.

BY HARVEY MANSFIELD

"I don't pay them to come over. . . . I pay them to leave." So says a handsome actor regarding the prostitutes he patronizes. It's a statement that reveals a great deal about sex differences, one is tempted to say: Women want to stay and have to be paid to leave; men want to leave and have to be induced to stay. Which means, we suppose, that women are serious about sex and men are not. Things look different to men, of course, before having sex. But any man is likely to have a sneaking admiration for the handsome actor who has so much choice in his life that his main problem is disposing of what for the time being he no longer wants.

Taking Sex Differences Seriously
by Steven E. Rhoads
Encounter, 362 pp., $27.95

One of the many virtues of Steven Rhoads's new book, *Taking Sex Differences Seriously*, is that it makes you think about what it means to take something seriously. Rhoads argues that sex differences are "large, deeply rooted, and consequential." Taking them seriously requires dismissing the contention made by feminists and their allies that they are "socially constructed." They must be traced back to nature, to what is unchangeable.

But it is not as easy as one might think to find unchangeable nature. Relations between the sexes have changed enormously over the last fifty years, in response to a wave of opinion that denies any need to take sex differences seriously. And does not the very fact of this change validate the feminist claim that sex differences are socially constructed? Isn't it possible to minimize them, since that is what we have done?

Rhoads shows that men are still today more promiscuous than women, despite the official denial by our gender-neutral society that this is so. Men are more promiscuous by inclination, as well: They think about sex more often, and what they think about is not marital bliss but "an active sex life." When men do think about marital bliss, it centers on lots of sex rather than mere kissing and hugging as women tend to prefer. And despite official disapproval of unequal treatment of the sexes, it is still considered better to be a stud, like the actor, than a slut, like the women he sleeps with. Though weakened and now often confined to fantasies in which men can dream of their exploits with impunity and unfailing success, the double standard in sexual morality still exists.

Such differences, according to Rhoads, represent natural inclinations that can be dismissed or repressed—but not entirely and not without paying a price. The inclinations cannot be removed, but the delusion that they can be removed changes our behavior. And the burden of that delusion falls harder on women. Believing that the sexes are identical, women fail to understand their own greater desire for marriage and avoid it until the opportunity passes or comes too late for having children. Men, delighted with the idea of uncommitted sex, have a ball because the new conventions favor their inclinations toward an active sex life. They fail to see that marriage is for their happiness even if—which is not the case—all they want is more sex. Men fail to honor women's inclinations toward modesty and marriage because women themselves do not care to admit they have such inclinations. Each sex believes it has entered into a paradise, a new Garden of Eden in which both sexes fall in with unbridled male fantasies.

The studies Rhoads summarizes show how far our official doctrine of gender neutrality is from the truth. Most were made by social psychologists attracted to feminism, such as Alice Eagly, Diane Halpern, and Eleanor Maccoby, who expected to discover that sex differences were little or nothing. They found otherwise, and they had the courage to say so. Rhoads himself conducted a study of married female assistant professors—surely, next to unmarried female assistant professors, the second most progressive group in the American population. Although they said that husbands and wives should share equally around the home, in fact they did many more of the tasks, and what's more, enjoyed doing them. (Even changing diapers.) Rhoads concludes that despite the women's movement there has been no decline in sex stereotyping by people generally, who see men as more ambitious and competitive than women. And the sexes still use traditional stereotypes to describe themselves, men seeing themselves as more assertive, women as more tender-minded.

Rhoads quotes F. Carolyn Graglia's description of a mother's job as "cheerful responsiveness to constant interruptions." Of course if you are serious about a career, you have to gain control of your schedule and secure yourself against the relentless, unapologetic claims your children make on your time. But if you are serious about being a mother, you have to be receptive to your children and not look outside your family for your happiness. Women are more likely to want to nurture, as is shown in the facts (confirmed by social science studies) that girls like dolls and boys like cars and guns, and that boys play rough and girls do not.

Harvey Mansfield is a professor of government at Harvard University.

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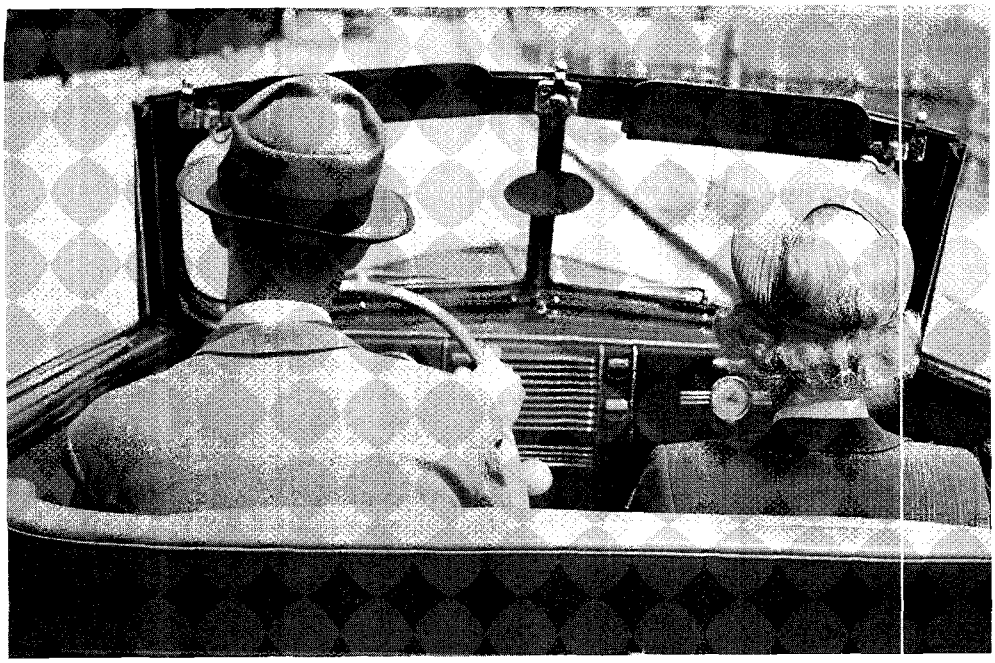

Nonetheless, some women desire careers and thrive in them; others prefer the traditional roles—an opposition that Graglia calls a war. Each party hurts the other: the traditional women by doing more than half the housework, which makes it harder for the careerist women to teach their husbands equality; and the careerist women by disdaining men's fidelity and refusing their courtesies, which are vital to traditional women. To explain the difference, Rhoads proposes that there are really two kinds of women differing in the amount of testosterone they carry. If so, it would seem difficult to satisfy both kinds at once. Are there also two kinds of men—since manly men look down on effeminate men?

A third theme of sex differences is that women are the weaker sex. To be sure, most men are weaker than the strongest men, but in the case of women, weakness pertains to the sex as a whole. A woman seeks in a man "someone to look up to," of greater height and strength than herself, while a man wants just the opposite—someone shorter, smaller, younger, and less intelligent than he, whom he can protect: in sum, a quite irrational choice from a woman's viewpoint. Women like men with status; and well-off women like Lady Macbeth—who, you would think, have enough status—want more of it in their husbands than do other women.

Women can be as aggressive as men, but the aggression is "relational." So, too, women's anger is more bitter, as it is more likely to be frustrated than men's. They rage at men in a way that men do not rage at women. "Starting in 1970," says Rhoads, "women have been more depressed and unhappy than they used to be."

This seems the price of going against nature—although Rhoads does not quite say so. Taking sex differences seriously means attributing them to something permanent in us rather than to social construction. But we no longer have a way of understanding the permanent structure of things as nature. At this point in the argument, both sides in these debates typically appeal to evolutionary theory, but quite what "evolutionary psychology" tells us remains hotly debated.

Evolution suggests that nothing is permanent and everything is constructed over time, only very gradually and in a sense not by human choice. Applied to human psychology, we seem to be left with men who are supposed to seek many mates, and women one or few. This is not really a choice: It was a "selection" determined slowly over eons. Therefore men living now have a "nature" that in theory must change but in practice cannot be changed because it would take too long. Evolution makes us better by validating every change that occurs, since we are made to select whatever change enables us to survive better. So we are progressive beings full of hope for a better future but fitted out with conservative natures made long ago that constitute a heavy drag on our hopes.

What evolutionists think is the closest we usually get to the notion of nature these days. But it is not close enough. For evolution sees everything as organized for survival and cannot recognize our better, higher nature. Thus it sees no difference in rank between the male desire for an active sex life and the male interest in being married, or between the promptings of desire and the instruction of reason. What kind of seriousness is this?

No doubt with a view to these problems, Rhoads does not declare evolutionary psychology to be true. He merely refers to what "evolutionists think" as a useful authority, perhaps with which to defend common sense. He also does not accept the injunction of social science against judgments of value. He has no hesitation in stating, as the result of his research, that "women would be wise to realize" they have a sexual makeup that differs from men's. All women who doubt this finding would be wise to read Rhoads's fine book. ♦

Both pictures of 1950s Americana: CORBIS.

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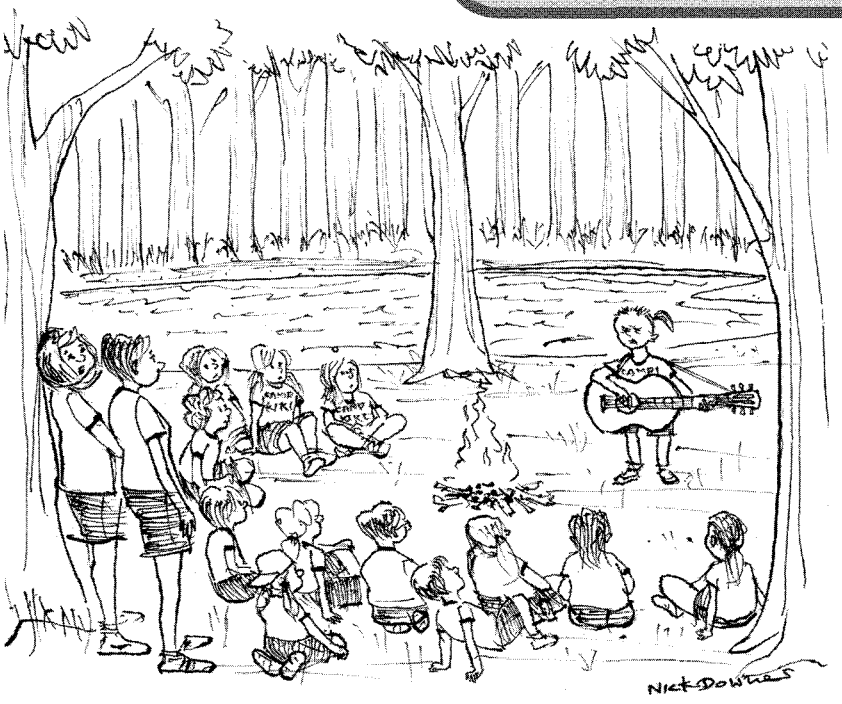

"That was the angriest rendition of Kumbaya *I've ever heard."*

Books in Brief

***The Twentieth Train: The True Story of the Ambush of the Death Train to Auschwitz* by Marion Schreiber (Grove, 262 pp., $25).** In this fascinating volume, Marion Schreiber, a German journalist who spent sixteen years working at *Der Spiegel*, tells the story of two hundred and twenty-five people who were freed from a train carrying them from Belgium to Auschwitz. Three men, only one of them a Jew, took upon themselves the quixotic mission of stopping the train and prying its doors open. They had ridden their bicycles to the site, armed with one handgun and a lantern wrapped in red paper to look like a railway signal. The ruse worked for a few minutes, and while the Germans were too flustered to respond, thinking themselves waylaid by a sizable force, seventeen people leapt to safety through the one door that the attackers had managed to pull ajar. A few of them are still alive today.

Even when the train resumed its fateful ride, most of the hatches were worked open from the inside by tools the Resistance had smuggled to the prisoners. Thirteen hundred and fifty people remained in those cars with the chance to jump out. They had to weigh the risks: death from a bad landing or the German guard's machine-gun fire, against the grim prospect of Auschwitz, known to them only via rumor.

Along the way, Schreiber tells of the escapee who was waiting for the tram back to Brussels, covered with soot and grime from the tracks. When the Nazis entered the station to look for suspects, all the Belgian laborers wordlessly clustered around the Jew and shielded him from their murderous eyes. Another amazing story concerns a convent on Rue Clemenceau in Brussels. Mother Superior Marie-Angèle was sheltering twenty-eight Jewish girls in the boarding school, but an informant told the Gestapo. They ordered her to dress the children for a journey the next morning and pack them a lunch. The nuns leaked word of this to the Resistance. That night, Paul Halter, the twenty-three-year-old commander of the partisans, stormed the convent with a few armed men. They kicked the door in, locked up the Mother Superior, and made a mess. Two young nuns woke the children and dressed them, saying, "Quickly, quickly the white knights want to save you." New hiding places were found for all the liberated children and they survived the Holocaust.

Other stories are not so inspiring. Schreiber describes, for instance, Baron von Falkhausen, the military governor installed by the Nazis in Belgium, entertaining lavishly in a requisitioned castle with his high-society blonde paramour and turning a blind eye to the nefarious workings of the SS. She tells of the vicious camp commander setting his dogs on prisoners—and the sadistic pedophile who dressed a five-year-old Jewish boy in a miniature SS uniform and taught him to perform vicious practical jokes on the hapless prisoners.

Yet *The Twentieth Train* is mostly about the men who waylaid the twentieth Belgian train to Auschwitz and the prisoners who were alert enough to seize the opportunity to escape. Schreiber takes us on that ride, showing us the stark reality of those few hours rumbling through the countryside. In addition to the 17 who were freed in the initial attack, 231 people later gathered their courage and jumped from the train, of whom 23 were killed—225 survivors out of 248 escapees. Only one in a hundred survived Auschwitz.

The leader of the rescuers, Youra Livchitz, a handsome doctor and charming playboy, was later betrayed by an informant and killed by the military administration. In his last letter, he wrote, "Dear Mother, I must say goodbye to you, time is running out. . . . Remember me without pain. I have had good, excellent comrades until the end, and even now I do not feel alone."

—Jay D. Homnick

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MAPS

DIRECTIONS

MAPQUEST

HOME | HELP | SETTINGS | MOBILE | TOOLBAR

Directions Print | E-Mail | Download to PDA | Reverse | New Directions | Revise

DIRECTIONS FOR DELEGATES TO DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

START Upper West Side, New York City, NY

END Fleet Center, Boston, MA

Maneuvers	Distance
1: Take US I-95 to Boston/ Merge onto I-90/MASS PIKE/ exit 18. Follow sign for CAMBRIDGE/ NORTH END/ PITTSBURGH/ RUTLAND, VT/ NEW JERSEY/ COLUMBUS, OH/ CANADIAN MARITIMES/ TREMONT ST. (Portions toll)	191.4 miles
2: Proceed to SOLDIERS FIELD RD/ Becomes STORROW DRIVE EAST	6.6 miles
3: Merge and DRIVE LIKE HELL. Look at NO ONE. (Approx. local SPEED: 104.02 mph.) Exit AS SOON AS POSSIBLE	0.2 miles
4: CONVENTION CENTER NEARBY. Follow signs for FREEDOM TRAIL. Tip of Old North Church steeple should be visible for .0001 seconds ON RIGHT (Tremont St. CLOSED)	0.1 miles
5: Obey traffic signs to Tobin Bridge (CLOSED)	0.0 miles
6: Follow signs to I-93 North. Attempt U-TURN on grassy interstate median. If NOT POSSIBLE. . .	0.1 miles
7: Have LUNCH in NEW HAMPSHIRE	68.6 miles
8: Proceed SOUTH back to BOSTON	68.6 miles
9: Take EXIT for BEACON HILL/ "OLD JOHN KERRY HOMESTEAD"	0.1 miles
10: At termination of dead-end street STOP AND ASK DIRECTIONS for FLEET CENTER	1.8 miles
11: From bottom of hill (Caution: Big Dig labor protesters), MERGE onto ENTRANCE RAMP for STORROW DRIVE	0.2 miles
12: BACK UP exit ramp at full speed. EXECUTE 180-degree rum-runner's turn	0.1 miles
13: Abandon hope of finding FLEET CENTER. Proceed in ANY DIRECTION you like. Follow possible signs for I-95 South NEW YORK/ SAN JOSE/ HARTFORD/ INDIANAPOLIS	8.7 miles
14: Proceed SOUTH to NEW YORK CITY. Tune in to the convention on Air America, if you can find it on the dial	191.4 miles

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Parents are seizing new opportunities to choose their children's schools through vouchers and charter schools. But does such school choice improve learning and lead to other improvements in schooling? The evidence from a variety of studies shows that it does.

Analyses of student achievement indicate that school choice leads to higher levels of learning in various parts of the United States and other countries. Better studies show stronger and more consistent effects, and no study points to substantially poorer performance of choice schools.

Surveys show that parents most often choose private and public charter schools with academic standards superior to regular public schools. Parents are as adept as education experts in evaluating the academic offerings. To meet parents' desires for such offerings, charter schools are expanding their numbers and enrollments.

Required new achievement reporting in all 50 states helps parents pinpoint failing schools and choose the best school for their children. Unlike regular schools, moreover, schools of choice that fail to attract parents must close, which leaves the successful schools of choice to prosper and further enlarge opportunities.

In geographic areas with larger numbers of schools of choice, regular public schools achieve more, have higher graduation rates, and cost less than regular schools in other similar areas with little choice. The positive effects of competition are also notable in metropolitan and urban areas containing multiple school districts that consistently outperform areas with a single monopolistic school districts such as Los Angeles and New York City. The poor performance of public schools, particularly in such large districts, is attributable to unwieldy and wasteful central bureaucracies that are inherently less sensitive to parent concerns and preferences.

School choice is also effective among special-needs students with physical and mental problems such as those in Florida's McKay Scholarship program. More than 90 percent of parents of McKay children were satisfied with their chosen schools, far more than other parents of other special-needs students in nonchosen schools. Depending on their own preferences, McKay parents can choose between schools that focus on a particular disability or schools that integrate children with and without disabilities. Parent surveys also show that McKay students suffer far less harassment and physical attacks than their peers attending nonchosen public schools.

Massively increased choice and resulting competition improve schooling correspondingly. In contrast to the relatively small scale of present U.S. choice programs, Sweden, perhaps surprisingly, provides an excellent example. In 1993, the Swedish government required that all school districts fund schools of choice at a per-student rate of 85 percent of the per-student cost of regular public schools. Tuition charges were eliminated, new educational standards established, and an open admission policy accepted students of varying ability, ethnicity, and socioeconomic level. **Sweden's nationwide choice program was a rousing success in terms of achievement and parental satisfaction.**

Parents have the incentives and information to choose schools for their children just as they choose their names, food, and physicians. There seem to be no good reasons why they cannot and should not choose their children's schools.

—Herbert J. Walberg

Herbert J. Walberg is a distinguished visiting fellow at the Hoover Institution; a member of Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education; and University Scholar and research professor emeritus of education and psychology at the University of Illinois at Chicago.

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